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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED
JOURNAL OF

ART LITERATURE &
CURRENT EVENTS



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DRAWN BY W. D. STEVENS

OPENING OF THE HOUSE

LAST SESSION OF THE FIFTY-FIFTH CONGRESS, DECEMBER 5, 1898

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THE EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY NEW YORK CITY

ROBERT J COLLIER EDITOR

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The next issue of "Collier's Weekly" (dated December 17) will be the Christmas number, consisting of forty-four large pages, profusely and magnificently illustrated in black and white, and also in colors. It will contain "Peace on Earth," a brilliant picture in colors and gold, by A. B. Wenzell; "The Troopers' Toast," a double page supplement, in colors, by F. C. Yohn; "The Christmas Fairy Tale," painted by Sarah S. Stilwell; "Sir Bruin," a Christmas adventure, by S. R. Crockett, illustrated by Peter Newell; "When the Door Opened—," a short story by Sarah Grand, illustrated by A. B. Wenzell; "In Shakespeare's Time," by Edmund Gosse; "A Southern Christmas," by Frank L. Stanton, with full-page illustration by Louis Loeb; essays and poems by Alice Meynell, Edgar Saltus, and others, with many illustrations by prominent artists. There will also be a supplement consisting of an extravaganza—"The Price of Blood"—written and illustrated by Howard Pyle, with a separate page in colors. The remaining literary and artistic contents will be of highest quality, and the number as a whole will challenge comparison with the finest holiday publications of America and Europe.

IT WOULD be absurd to base an estimate of the prospective commercial value of the Philippines on the data furnished by the custom-house returns at Manila during the last few years. In 1897, our whole trade with the Philippines, including imports and exports, amounted to less than four and a half million dollars. In 1884, on the other hand, our commerce with the islands was valued at over twelve and a half million dollars. The extraordinary difference was due to intervening legislation intended to give Spain a monopoly of the Philippine market, so far as importations were concerned. The figure reached by our traffic in 1897, notwithstanding restrictions virtually prohibitive in the matter of imports, was due almost exclusively to our purchases of the so-called Manila hemp. Under our proclaimed policy of the "open door," there will be no export dues, but reasonable duties will be levied on imports in Philippine harbors, for the purpose of supporting a military and naval force adequate to the maintenance of peace and order. So long, however, as the Philippines remain under military rule—and that regime is likely to continue for a good many years—there will be no discrimination between American and foreign vessels. Indeed, foreign vessels are to be permitted to engage in the coasting trade around and between the islands, a privilege which is not enjoyed on the coasts of the United States, and which will be undoubtedly denied in the case of Puerto Rico.

THOSE who have visited Oxford recently must have been struck with the changes which the last few years have brought about in the oldest and most famous of the English universities. These changes are observable not only in the scope and methods of instruction and in the value of the prizes offered, but also in the undergraduates' mode of life. It is not so long ago that "honors" could be sought in but three so-called "schools"; namely, first, the school of *literæ humaniores*, including the Latin and Greek classics, ancient history, logic and philosophy; secondly, that of mathematics; and, thirdly, that of theology. Then, in spite of bitter opposition on the part of the conservatives, two schools were added, that of physical science and that of law and modern history. Now honors may be gained in no fewer than seven different curricula; to wit, *literæ humaniores*, mathematics, natural science, modern history, jurisprudence, Oriental (Indian or Semitic) subjects, and theology. It is still in the first of these, as its nickname "Greats" implies, that distinction is most coveted. As regards the sources of instruction, it is as true at the present time as it was ten years ago that the lectures of the University Professors are but thinly attended. Formerly a man reading for honors had to look for teaching to the tutors of his own college, or to a private tutor or "coach." Now

most of the lectures given by colleges are open to all the members of the university. That is to say, a St. John's man may avail himself, if he chooses, of all the educational advantages afforded by Balliol. Consequently, so far as the chance of attaining honors is concerned, it makes much less difference than it used to do at what college a man matriculates. On the other hand, the prizes for great success in the "schools" are less tempting than they were. Formerly the Fellowships, which are worth from one thousand to one thousand five hundred dollars a year (exclusive of the lodgings allotted), were granted for life, provided the holder took orders and remained unmarried. Now the Fellowships are of two kinds, some being held for six or seven years and without restriction as to marriage, profession or residence; while the tenure of others is conditional on the performance of tutorial or other college work. We add that although the incomes of all the Oxford colleges—there are twenty-one of them, besides two halls—have suffered from the agricultural depression which has prevailed of recent years in England, some of them, as, for instance, Christ Church, Magdalen, Merton and St. John's, are still extremely rich.

THE extent to which of late we have become able to undersell European competitors in many foreign markets, not only as regards raw products, but also in respect of manufactured articles, is as yet but imperfectly appreciated. To the astonishment of those who have taken for granted that we need heavy protective duties in order to save our home market for our native manufacturers, we are already one of the foremost exporters of manufactures on earth. Amazing is the contrast, from this point of view, between the official figures for 1868 and for the current year. The total value of our exports of manufactured articles thirty years ago was about \$60,000,000. These figures, however, were expressed in the depreciated currency of that date, and when reduced to the gold standard they represent less than \$45,000,000. In 1898, on the other hand, the value of our exported manufactures was no less than \$288,871,000 in gold, or more than five times that of thirty years ago. The classes of manufactures which exhibit the largest gain are those of iron and steel, leather, cotton and wood. The manufactures of iron and steel which, expressed in the currency of 1868, were a little over \$8,000,000, have now reached \$70,000,000, while the exports of leather goods, which thirty years ago were less than \$2,000,000 in currency, are now more than \$21,000,000 in gold. In 1868, the exports of cotton goods were appraised at less than \$3,000,000 in currency; in 1898, they were over \$17,000,000. Manufactures of wood, which showed an exportation of \$2,000,000 in 1868, amounted in the current year to over \$9,000,000. We observe finally that paraffin, which figured for less than \$50,000 in our exports of 1868, represented more than \$6,000,000 in the current year. Should our exports of manufactured articles progress at the same rate during the next thirty years, we shall have left Germany and France far behind, and be a formidable competitor of England's, considered as the purveyor of the world.

THE PROBLEMS BEFORE CONGRESS

THE SESSION of Congress that begins on December 5 will be more important than any that has been witnessed for a quarter of a century. Among the questions that may be at least mooted and discussed, although some of them must be left for the next Congress to settle, will be more than one that involves the interpretation of the Constitution and the future course of the Republic. How long, for instance, are the taxes, levied to meet the extra expenses occasioned by the war, to continue? What is to be the permanent size of the regular army? To what extent is the navy to be increased? Shall the Nicaragua Canal be constructed by the Federal Government, and if so, what is to be done about the Clayton-Bulwer treaty? What is to be the status of Hawaii? How long is Puerto Rico to remain under a military administration? Finally, having taken the Philippines, what are we to do with them? Let us glance at these inquiries in their order and consider what view is likely to be taken of them by the two great political parties, bearing in mind that while the Republicans will control both branches of the next Congress, which possibly may be convoked in extra session after March 4, they constitute only a minority of the Senate in the present Congress.

We may say at once that there is no likelihood that during the present session war taxes will be lessened or even changed except perhaps in some minor particulars. Although we assume that a definite treaty of peace will be presently concluded by the joint commission at Paris, we must recognize that it will be needful for some time to keep considerable forces in Cuba and the Philippines, if not in Puerto Rico also, for the maintenance of order, for which purpose we shall require at least a part of the volunteers that have been called under the colors. As regards the enlargement of our standing military force, it is understood that the President will recommend that the regular army shall consist of 100,000 men on a permanent peace footing. In view of the responsibilities which we have assumed toward our newly acquired colonial possessions, the proposed figure will doubtless be accepted by most of the Republicans and by some of the Democrats likewise, as not unreasonable. Those Democrats, however, who followed the lead of Mr. Bailey, will probably oppose a large permanent addition to the regular army, on the

that it is incompatible with the spirit of our institutions. It is possible that a bill framed for the purpose of carrying out the President's suggestion might be defeated in the Senate, as that body is at present constituted, but it could almost certainly be carried through both branches of the next Congress. Even this Congress is likely to adopt a programme of naval expansion, and we shall expect to see it sanction the proposals of the Secretary of the Navy, which, it is understood, contemplate the construction of three additional battleships, and at least three armored cruisers, together with a number of protected cruisers, heavily armed and possessing an extended radius of action. If the plans of Secretary Long are accepted, the new vessels, united to those now in commission and to those already authorized and under way, will give us, three or four years hence, a navy second in magnitude to that of no European power, with the exception of England and France. This means that before the end of the first lustrum of the twentieth century, the combined navies of Great Britain and the United States would be a match for all the rest of the world upon the ocean. That Congress is thoroughly alive to the necessity of opening the Nicaragua Canal with all possible promptitude, may be taken for granted, and it seems equally clear that public opinion favors the performance of the work by government engineers at government expense. The existence of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty ought not to prove an insuperable obstacle, now that England has given us substantial proof of cordial friendship. The British Foreign Office might consent to an abrogation of the treaty, or what would have the same practical effect, to a temporary waiver of the right of joint control which the treaty concedes to England.

The Commissioners sent by President McKinley to Honolulu will propound in their report a scheme of government for the Hawaiian Islands, and this may be expected to give rise to much debate. If Hawaii is to be admitted into the Union as a State, or even as a Territory, its inhabitants, including a large proportion of Chinese, cannot, on the score of race or color, be deprived of any of the privileges belonging to citizens of the United States. Among these privileges would be that of residence in our Pacific States, where the utmost pains is taken to enforce the Federal law enacted for the purpose of excluding Chinese emigrants. If, on the other hand, Hawaii should remain in the anomalous position of Alaska, the difficulty of dealing with the Chinese element of its population could be postponed. As for the Philippines, it is probable that a military occupation of the islands will have to be kept up for some years to come; consequently the determination of the type of civil government to be adopted for them eventually may be properly deferred. The case of Puerto Rico is more pressing. Here we have a thoroughly civilized and law-abiding community in which the whites largely outnumber the colored people. From this point of view, Puerto Rico is better fitted to be a State than is either South Carolina or Mississippi. Certainly it would seem inequitable to withhold from the Puerto Ricans, for any extended period, some of the functions of self-rule.

We have not spoken of Cuba, because the evacuation of the island by the Spanish troops will not have been completed much before the end of the year, and the establishment of order by our soldiers may not have been fully accomplished before the expiration of this Congress. Nor is the ultimate destiny of the Pearl of the Antilles likely to be the subject of immediate debate, for this Congress, at all events, is bound by the solemn declaration made at the outset of the war, that the island, when delivered from the Spaniards, should be permitted to enjoy absolute independence. Whether the next Congress will take the same view of the matter is, perhaps, a different question.

THE PROSPECTIVE ALIGNMENT OF EUROPEAN POWERS

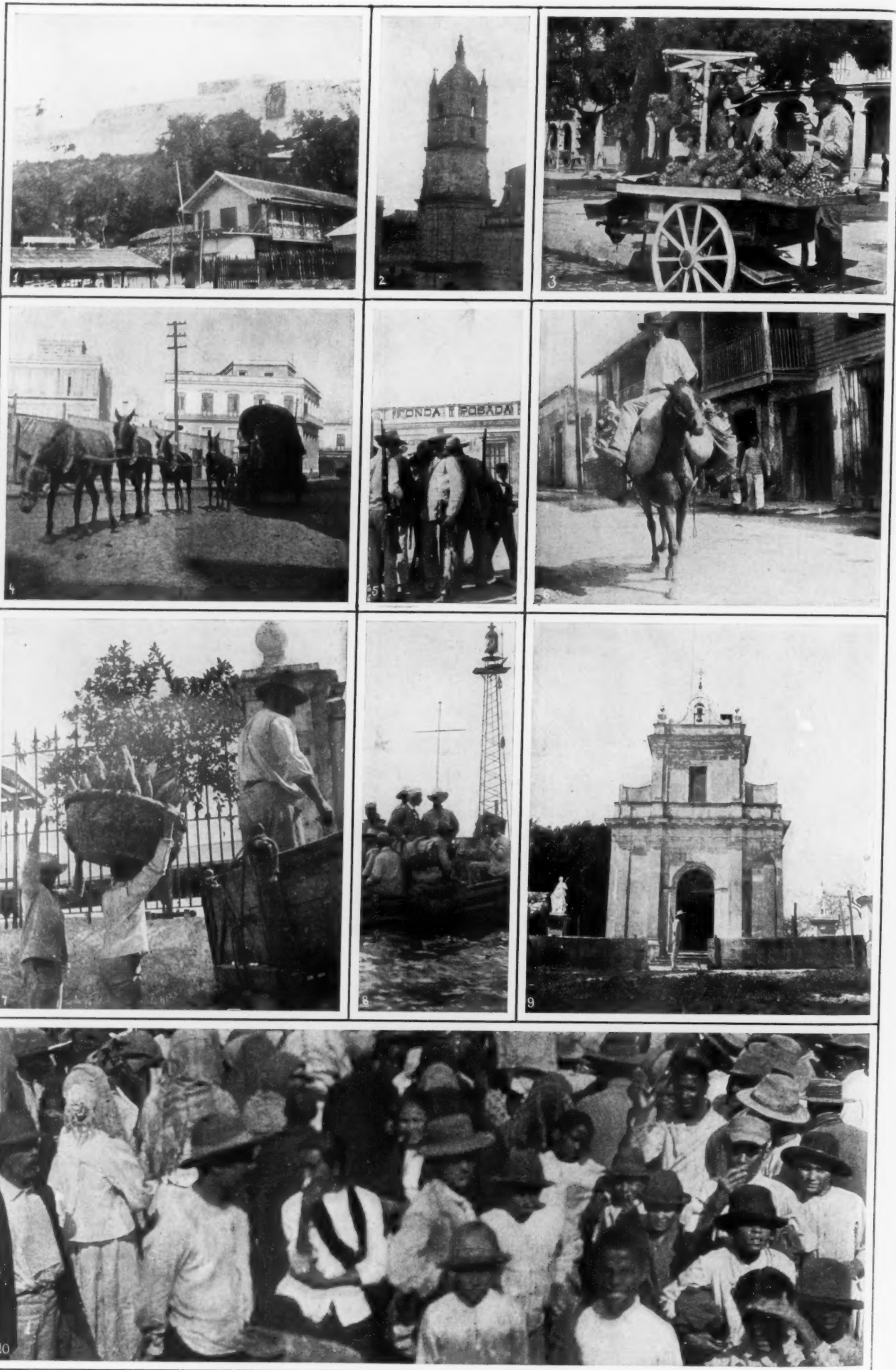
THE conclusion of a treaty of commerce between France and Italy may be expected, if the habitual sequence of events is repeated in this instance, to be followed, at no distant date, by relations of political friendship between those two countries, which are linked together not only by ties of gratitude and reciprocal interest, but, also, as the only surviving active and important representatives of the Latin race. Should the close of the tariff war between Frenchmen and Italians, which has now lasted for some ten years, have such an international outcome, we are likely to see the great powers of the earth arrayed in the twentieth century after a different fashion from that which Bismarck devised.

For a time after the Treaty of Frankfort, by which the last war between France and Germany was brought to an end, the peace of Europe was upheld by the Drei-Kaiser Bund, or League of the Three Emperors, a combination clearly irresistible. When, however, in 1873-75, the Berlin government recognized that, by the War of 1870-71, it had merely scotched the French snake, not killed it, and desired to assail France a second time, before she could reconstruct her army, the Russian Chancellor Gortchakoff interposed a peremptory veto. The act, not unnaturally, excited the secret enmity of Bismarck, who, in 1878, at the Congress of Berlin, avenged himself by tearing up the Treaty of San Stefano and compelling Russia to renounce a large part of the conquests made by her in the preceding year at the expense of the Porte. Thereupon the League of the Three Emperors collapsed, and, as a substitute for it, Bismarck brought about a

close alliance between Germany and Austria, to which, not long afterward, Italy acceded. The adhesion of Italy to a coalition, the main object of which was to enable Germany to keep Alsace-Lorraine, gave great offense to Frenchmen, and impartial history will say that it scarcely behooved a nation, which owed its own unity to France, to thwart its benefactor's wish to recover dismembered provinces. It may be truthfully said that, with the single exception of the debt incurred by the United States to France during their war for independence, no people in modern times has contracted such heavy obligations toward another as those imposed on Italy by France in the War of 1859, which was ended by the Peace of Villafranca. It is true that the treaty just mentioned fell far short of Cavour's desires, and only gave Lombardy to the House of Savoy, but the movement then started quickly added to the Kingdom of Sardinia the island of Sicily and the whole of the Italian peninsula, with the exception of Venetia and a remnant of the Papal States, both of which outstanding sections, also, were acquired within the next eleven years. There is no doubt that Victor Emmanuel was capable of fervent gratitude for the services rendered to his dynasty, and that he bitterly regretted the fact that his wish to aid Napoleon III. in 1870 could not be reconciled with the vital interests of his nascent and uncompleted monarchy. Under the circumstances, the neutrality observed by Victor Emmanuel during the Franco-German war could be condoned by Frenchmen, but they have been slow to forgive his son, King Humbert, for joining his military power to that of Germany and Austria, the obvious enemies of France. It was the determination to punish the Italians for what seemed an act of shocking thanklessness that the statesmen who controlled the government of the Third French Republic in 1887, not only announced the purpose of denouncing the existing commercial treaty with Italy, but substituted for its provisions oppressive and wellnigh prohibitive duties on the wines, raw silk, olive oil and other commodities for which the Italian peninsula had previously found its best customers in France. Such tariff punishments, however, are not dealt out with impunity; the executioner is bound to suffer no less than the victim. For the wines, which French merchants had been accustomed to import from Italy, and, after treating them sagaciously, to export under French names, they were compelled to seek substitutes in Spain and California. For the raw silk, which had been drawn from Italy, no substitute was obtainable, unless it were brought at the cost of a long voyage from Japan or China. Cut off from the genuine olive oil of Italy, the French exporters had to fall back on cotton seed oil bought at Alexandria, to which the most careful doctoring could not impart the coveted flavor. The result has been that those French industries which command the largest export trade have suffered serious losses from the rupture of the treaty of commerce with Italy, and it has proved but a poor consolation to know that the Italians have lost more. After tasting the imagined sweets of revenge for a dismal decade, Frenchmen have arrived at the conclusion that the indulgence does not pay, and they have, accordingly, concluded a new treaty of commerce by which all Italian commodities, with a single exception, have been replaced upon a footing substantially identical with that which they occupied in 1887.

The conclusion of this treaty of commerce is certain to modify the feelings with which Frenchmen and Italians have, for some time, regarded one another. You cannot hate bitterly the men by whom your pecuniary condition is sensibly ameliorated. The reconciling tendency of the treaty will have been for some time operative, before the occasion will arise for the renewal of Italy's alliance with Germany and Austria. It must be remembered that some of the most conspicuous Italian statesmen have always been opposed to that alliance, and that its most powerful champion, Signor Crispi, is now destitute of influence. It is, therefore, by no means improbable that King Humbert's government will refuse to prolong the coalition which Crispi and Bismarck brought about, and that it will insist either upon Italy's maintaining an isolated position or upon her joining the Franco-Russian league. Should she adopt either of those alternatives, the military and naval prospects of France would be materially improved. Should Italy, for instance, remain neutral, in the event of a general European war, France would have at her disposal, for use upon the Rhine, the large body of troops which otherwise she would have to keep upon the Savoyard frontier. The knowledge, moreover, that the Italian fleet would at least not be used against her, would double her chances of acquiring maritime ascendancy in the Mediterranean. If Italy, on the other hand, should join the Franco-Russian league, it is obvious that the balance of power would be even more seriously affected. The French and Italian fleets united would constitute a naval force with which England and Austria could hardly pretend to cope, so far as the war vessels, which the two last named powers could place in the Mediterranean, are concerned. Then again, the antagonism of Italy would compel Austria to station a large army on the confines of Venetia, and thus to weaken dangerously her power of resistance to Russia on the east.

In a word, the new relations of France and Italy are likely to render Germany and Austria eager to secure an alliance with Great Britain. The last-named power, for her part, would be willing enough to join them, if we may judge by Mr. Chamberlain's famous speech at Birmingham, for England needs Germany's co-operation in the Far East.



PHOTOGRAPHED SPECIALLY FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY

SCENES IN HAVANA, MATANZAS AND VICINITY

1. A Corner in Cubanaz. 2. Tower of Matanzas Cathedral. 3. Pineapples and Ice Cream. 4. The customary heavy-draught Team. 5. Spanish Soldiers at Street Candy Stand—a common scene in Havana. 6. Typical Huckster and his Outfit. 7. Bread-Carriers. 8. Soldiers being lightered to Transports. 9. Montserrat Chapel (fortified) overlooking Yumuri Valley. 10. Crowd at Relief Station, Havana.



From Photographs taken specially for Collier's Weekly

IN AND ABOUT MANILA

1. Very old Cathedral at Binondo, a Suburb of Manila. 2. Francis R. Stewart, who fired the first shot from the Astor Battery in the attack on Manila. 3. Light-house at Manila. 4. Magellan's Column. 5. Portion of the American Trenches, before Capture of Manila. 6. Political Prisoner, showing Spanish method of Chaining and Shackling.

AGUINALDO AND THE PRIESTS
(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 15, 1898

THE steamship Doric, recently arrived, had among her passengers eight Spanish priests from the Philippines, all in long black soutanes and broad-brimmed, black silk hats, whose brims were held up by a cord and tassel. On calling upon them, I found that none of them spoke English, but a serviceable interpreter soon placed me on speaking terms with Father Patricio Adell, a swarthy veteran, with expressive features and fluent speech.

In reply to questions, the Father said: "No, we were not expelled from the Philippines; we left of our own accord. We have no complaint to make of General Otis; but at Hong Kong Consul-General Wildman is said to be a fellow conspirator with Aguinaldo, and of course our enemy."

"Aguinaldo is, I believe, at this time, at Malolos, on the Dagupan Railroad, about an hour and a quarter from Manila. By orders from General Otis, his forces were required to evacuate Manila by September 15; they anticipated the day. Some of our people expected, when we left, that the insurgents would make an effort to recapture the city, if the Paris Congress did not recognize the insurgent government, and General Otis made every preparation to resist attack. He has sixteen thousand men under arms, and has reconnoitered the country round the capital very thoroughly. I do not apprehend, for myself, any offensive movement by the insurgent leader. He is very brave when he fights priests and unarmed peasants, but I don't think he will provoke an encounter with American troops."

"This Aguinaldo was once a servant of mine. He is a smart fellow, with plenty of assurance, but no education. He had a mother whom I remember, but he never knew who his father was. I don't think he has any following among the natives. He was put forward by foreigners, who, under cover of his name, wanted

to procure from the American commanders trade privileges and monopolies. In Aguinaldo's name, these foreigners issued proclamations, claiming that the insurgents had established a government which had been acknowledged by the American army and navy. These lies were intended for the consumption of the Filipinos.

"I lived in the Philippines for thirty-seven years, and have presided over a dozen parishes. Much of my time I spent in Manila. I know the Filipinos well. There are some good people among them, men of wealth and education. But the masses are hopelessly ignorant and quite incapable of self-government. The moment two natives are clothed with some semblance of authority they quarrel with each other. If any attempt is made to establish self-government by the natives, it will end in bloody war."

J. B.

CHANGES AT MANILA

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

MANILA, Oct 4

SINCE it has been determined that we would hold at least Luzon, English and Americans of all trades and occupations have been coming to Manila, and the near future will see the establishment of many new businesses here and throughout the island. American street-signs are now quite plentiful in Manila. They are displacing many Spanish names, and there are other indications that Manila will soon throw off some of her sleepy old Asiatic ways.

The insurgents had a holiday last week. This ordinarily would have caused no special comment, for the natives have many holidays. It will be remembered that they went off on one when our army engaged the Spanish at Malate. But last week's holiday was in honor of Aguinaldo, who, on Thursday, formally declared himself President. There were many patriotic parades in Manila and elsewhere, and in all of these the American flag and the insurgent colors were carried side by side. The flag adopted by the insurgents consists

of a red and a blue stripe, with a white triangular field containing a sun and three stars.

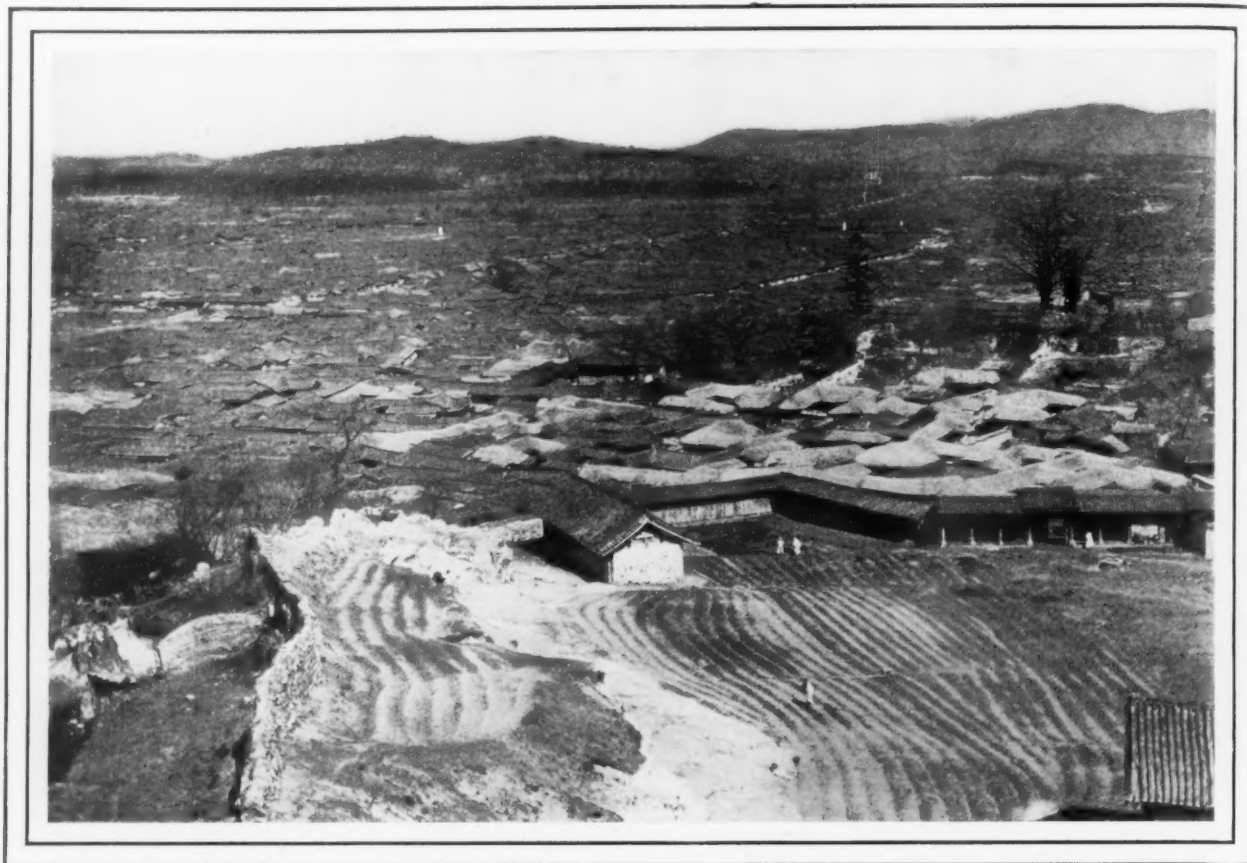
Aguinaldo is not alone in his aspirations to the leadership of the native government. His principal opponent is Jose Rizal, who is trying to combine all factions, and he is the leader in opposition to Aguinaldo. Rizal has his headquarters at Tugalo; Aguinaldo's capital is at Malabanan. Each publishes a newspaper in support of his party, and there is likely to be a clash soon between these two leaders.

The leper hospital of Manila is located on the Paseo Del Norte, about two miles out beyond the Santa Cruz district. At the time of the surrender several hundred of the inmates escaped, or were released by design, and many of these are yet at large in Manila. Nearly every day our guards capture a number of them and return them to the leper prison.

Until recently the general prison of Manila was in charge of the Spanish officials, though our troops did the guard duty. The deplorable wrongs which existed when we captured the city have in a great degree been righted. In the prison were found hundreds of natives confined for political reasons. Many had been imprisoned more than ten years without trial and without knowing with what offense they were charged. At the time we took possession the prison contained over two thousand prisoners. After our examinations had been concluded the number was reduced nearly one-half.

Under Spanish rule untold horrors were perpetrated here. The rack and other medieval instruments of torture were used. We found several hundred prisoners ironed hand and foot; the shackles of these were quickly broken. After we assumed control the governor and prison-keepers were allowed to hold their positions. Some time ago an investigation showed that the Spanish officials had been drawing ration money for several hundred more prisoners than they had. They are now under arrest, with leisure in which to wonder why they cannot hoodwink Uncle Sam as they did the Spanish government.

W. G. I.



Photographed specially for Collier's Weekly

SEOUL, THE SCENE OF THE RECENT UPRISING AGAINST THE KOREAN GOVERNMENT

From an Eminence the City of Seoul resembles a Sea of gray Waves, the effect being produced by the tiled and thatched Roofs of more than Fifty Thousand Houses of uniform height built close to one another.



OUR NOTE-BOOK

THE MADRID "IMPARCIAL" commenting recently on our treaty of peace concluded as follows: "From the world all idea of justice has gone. Among nations there is a pillage of the weaker states. There are no longer powers that are great and powers that are small. There are but tyrants and victims." The remark is worth noting. Considered as a generality what is true in it is not new and what is new is not true. Considered as an expression of Spanish opinion it would be pathetic were it not absurd. Anger, even when justified, is a poor mentor. Then, too, it is the misfortune of the vanquished that their condition induces an infirmity of vision. What they see, they see crooked. Had Spain thrashed this country, instead of a threnody we should have been treated to strophes. But that is in the order of things. The point is that modern history is unacquainted with a nation more tyrannical than Spain herself. Where she has not alienated she has repelled. Without pity for others there is none for her. On her own head she has brought it. Her chronicles are filled with romance, but they are choked with tears. The poems of her victories are lost in the clanking of her chains. There was an epoch when she could have cried, The World is Mine. To-day she is indeed the victim of tyranny. But that tyranny is her own. And thereby hangs a tale. Some time ago a Cuban convicted of a political offense was about to be executed. Near him a priest stood administering the ultimate rites. "Father," interrupted the prisoner, "are there any Spaniards in heaven?" "Surely, my son," the priest replied. "Then, Father, if you don't mind," the prisoner continued, "I would much rather go to hell."



KEELY'S secret is reported to have died with him. Like murder, it is a poor secret that will not out. Keely's secret was not of that kind. It is one which a number of different people at a number of different periods have very fully possessed. Some were hanged, others deified. It was pot luck. But times have changed. In growing old the world is becoming better bred. It is ceasing to see things that are not intended for it. It has left its scaffolds and altars behind. Keely deserved neither. In days when speech was more punctilious he would have been called a thaumaturge. Thaumaturgy is at once simple and complex. It consists in making a stranger feel at home and then in taking that home away. There are quite a number of books about it. Of these the best

bear big names. They are signed by Archilaus, by Albertus Magnus, by Raymond Lulle, by Nostradamus, and by Paracelsus. They are not uninteresting, either. They deal with the sciences known as occult. They tell of the alkahest, which is the philosopher's stone, and how, with it, metals cannot be transmuted but how pocketbooks may. Thaumaturgy was founded by Hermes. It had two great exponents, Simon, surnamed the Magician, and Apollonius of Tyana. Simon is said to have put those who liked it—and some who did not—afloat in the air. Apollonius was familiar with all languages, with that of bird and beast, with that of silence, for silence is a language too. It was in the latter that Keely conversed. So subtle was it that nobody understood. He eluded comprehension. There was his secret. It is the great secret of all. It is the secret of not having any and yet in appearing to which constitutes the philosopher's stone.



THE PHILIPPINES are entertainingly described in a recent work by Mr. J. E. Stevens, in the course of which he relates a jest that carries a moral with it. On a ship bound for the Far East a missionary posted a notice to the effect that at 10 A.M. on Sunday, November 29, he proposed to hold a service. On the appointed day above that notice the passengers found a bigger one:

"Sunday, November 29.
Ship crosses 180th meridian 9.30 A.M.
After which it will be Monday."

We, too, have crossed our 180th meridian. Without knowing it we have dropped not a day but a policy. We have sailed straight into an empire. The question arises how are we to govern it. Islands, whether in the Caribbean or in the Pacific, can't be run after the fashion which we have locally not adopted but accepted, for such a system, while it could not be worse than Spain's would be equally, if differently, wicked. The bulk of the population being of a darker hue than our own have lighter ideas on matters ethical and fiscal. To change those ideas there is the bayonet and the text-book. Yet prod them with the one and they will get up and rebel, dose them with the other and they will fall asleep on it. Blacks may of course be educated, but they can't be elevated. The reason is clear. Education depends on the individual, elevation on heredity. Yet if they can't be elevated it does not necessarily follow that they should be eliminated. We have, or rather had, the Indians for a precedent; but is not that another story? Even otherwise such a process would not help matters much. It will be fifty years, unless it happens to be a hundred, before their haunts and homes are fit for our descendants. Meanwhile, as Mr. Stevens has somewhere suggested, it may be that the new provinces will blossom like roses when they realize "how they have been grafted on our bosom." But in that event they will first have to realize that "how," and unless all accounts of them err their

powers of comprehension won't find it easy. Why, Spain herself does not yet, and we have only begun to.



MR. HOOLEY, in the course of his recent disclosures at her Majesty's Court of Bankruptcy, testified that he sent the Conservative party the sum of fifty thousand pounds wherewith to fish for him a baronetcy from among the Jubilee honors. He did not get the baronetcy and he got the money back, a circumstance which we should hesitate to say proves the truth of the old adage about honor among thieves, yet which is nonetheless surprising. That, however, is beside the issue. Why Mr. Hooley wanted to become a baronet is irrelevant also. According to Sir Wilfred Lawson, who—as the anonymous author of "Collections and Recollections" put it—ought to know, a baronet is one who has ceased to be a gentleman without becoming a nobleman. This definition has been condemned as too severe. According to Burke, the order of baronets is scarcely estimated at its proper value. We should say that Mr. Hooley's estimation of it was prodigious. We should say also that in trusting his money to the Conservative party he expected to get one. And we should conclude that sales of this character had been previously effected. In which case if a baronetcy be purchasable a peerage is also. Now there is something worth having. As Lord Houghton is reported to have stated, it secures the possessor longer credit with his tradesmen. What is equally delectable, it secures larger attention from heiresses. Yet should it come to pass that a thrifty heiress were to discover that a peer whom she had legally acquired owned a title which, as some one said of the Order of the Bath, had none of the confounded nonsense of merit about it, might she not feel swindled? Most assuredly, and yet, locally speaking, this note of warning is belated. The "Revue des Revues" states that instead of importing nobles as we used to we are now manufacturing them for export. The "Revue" adds: "At the close of the year 1897 the United States had already produced fifteen descendants of Alfred the Great and twenty descendants of other sovereigns." After all, why not? The point is, what are common garden peers beside Americans whose ancestors reigned before the Battle of Hastings? What, indeed, except small potatoes.



THE FASHODA incident being closed, it is time to ask what it was all about. For illustrative purposes Africa may be conveniently represented as a great black helpless giant, sprawled flat on its face, its arms and robes extended. From one end to the other and back again, from Cape to Cairo and from Cairo to Cape, over its



WILLIAM H. TAFT,
*United States Circuit Judge and possibly next
President of Yale College.*



COMMODORE H. L. HOWISON,
*President of the Board of Inquiry on the loss of
the Cruiser Maria Teresa.*



CAPTAIN H. F. PICKINGS,
*Recently promoted to the rank of Commodore,
vice Miller, retired.*



COLONEL PICQUART,
*Imprisoned and brought to Trial for his honesty
in the Dreyfus Affair.*



YE CHA YUN,
*Former Korean Chargé d'Affaires at Washington;
now Imperial Railway Commissioner of Korea.*



MAÎTRE LABORI,
*Counsel for Colonel Picquart, whom the French
Army is trying to degrade.*

MEN OF THE WEEK

spine, England has journeyed. Where England journeys she might be said to rest were it not that she has tentacles that continuously continue the journey. Now here the plot thickens. While England has been traveling one way France has been traveling the other. England's promenade has been up and down the body, the march of France has been across it. Fashoda is the place where they met. "Après vous," said France. And England answered, "I should think so. Only," she has been careful to add, "there is no *après* about it." But France, always polite and sometimes witty, said: "Let us split a brandy and Fashoda." The jest, however, was too far-fetched. England did not see it.



THE HORSE SHOW may seem a belated subject. But it is only when a spectacle has faded that its real value appears. The Show which has gone was the Show of all others. There were more fine fillies exhibited than the exhibit has ever exhibited before. It was splendidly crowded, sumptuously brilliant. It was not merely a Horse Show, it was a Beauty Show too. Yet when the lights were lowered and the stables locked the impression which subsisted was not one of permanence, but of decline. Considered as a promenade concert, it suggested repetition for ages to come, but considered as a review of fine horses and fine traps, there disengaged the hint that ultimately interest in it must be confined to the limited class that hunt and ride and drive for the pleasure which driving and riding and hunting afford. Then their interest in it will end and the Show will cease. That is the way of the world. Convenient examples are multiple. One will suffice. It emerges of itself from the annals of the chase. It concerns falconry. Precisely as the introduction of firearms killed that royal sport so will the taming of electricity kill the horse. What the bicycle attempted the automobile will complete. The latter is still awkward and ugly, yet not more so than was the velocipede. In the same manner that the bicycle developed from that machine, so from the motor-car will be realized the enchanted carpet of the Arabian Nights. When that hour comes shows may continue, but the requiem of the horse will be sung.



FRECHENI, just before sentence was passed on him for the assassination of the Empress of Austria, was cool enough to enumerate his attractions. Among them he catalogued atheism. Since Colonel Ingersoll

became taciturn and Nietzsche mad we have heard little on this subject. It is as common as ever though, and just as unimaginative. There is its defect. That defect Renan pierced. "It may be," as he put it, "that there is nothing which proves that the universe has a soul. But there is nothing which proves the contrary. Above and beyond us we are unable to detect the slightest indication of an intentional and premeditated act. It may be even affirmed that in a thousand centuries there has been none. Yet to eternity a thousand centuries can be nothing. What is long to us must to a higher measurement be short. When a chemist has concluded the preliminaries of an experiment which requires a year to complete he leaves his apparatus untouched during that period. In it, meanwhile, millions of microbes may have been generated. Had these microbes sufficient intelligence they might readily deny that their universe was governed by a superior being. During the period allotted to their observations they would be right. It is regarding the before and the after that they would be wrong." There, in the absence of imagination, at least is sense. It does not prove anything, yet nonetheless there is a logic which logic does not know. Atheists believe, as brutes do, in the reality of things. But they believe in nothing else. The doctrine of resurrection is a case in point. To them it is a nursery tale. And yet it is certainly less astonishing to be born twice than it is to be born once. As for infinity, Renan summed it in what after all is a phrase, yet a phrase in which there is lightning: "A minute between two miracles."



SPAIN'S need of regeneration, a subject recently touched upon in this column, has found an echo in "Nord und Sud," which states that such regeneration can be secured only by the enriching of her impoverished blood through the marriage of Spaniards with Saxons, Teutons and Slavs. "Nord und Sud" is perhaps in error. That sort of thing has been going on for some time past in South America, the result being that apart from Chili and Peru there are there precious few pure Spaniards left. Then, too, while in several of our sister republics the girls are alarmingly pretty, and while on the Peninsula there are plenty more whom it is as well St. Anthony never met, and while they are all charming to look at and still more charming to talk with, yet, through a dispensation of Providence it may be, they are not fitted to be the wives of any save men of the Latin race. It is the same thing with their

brothers. The latter exhibit in public the courtesy of Chesterfield, complicated, however, with the pleasantries of Sykes at home. They are not suited, either, to contract alliances abroad. What is more, they rarely do. Spain's regeneration will not come through any change in their ways. Those ways are so inveterate, they are at once so old, so narrow, and have been so continuous, that the vigor of a nation has been sapped. That which induced her rise has caused her fall. In her apogee were the elements of her decadence. That is in the order of things, and in accordance, too, with the philosophy of history. Her regeneration, should it be brought about, must be preceded by the rupture of an aneurism. There must be a fusion, not of her people with others, but of her lands. This process the next European war will, we assume, inaugurate.

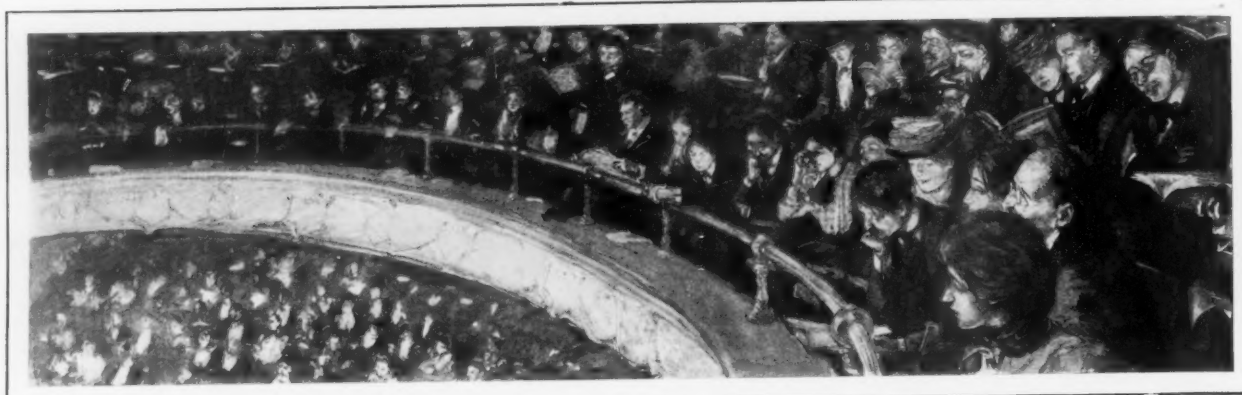


THE NETHERLANDS BOOKSELLING UNION, a corporation not local but overseas, has put a foot down on copyright. The reasons advanced are many. Here is one: "Thought was created to be disseminated." Here is another: "An idea once expressed becomes public property." Here is a third: "Translation is not piracy." There are the words of saurians and of snakes, the unholy writs of reptiles. Were they accepted civilization would witness a repetition of the misadventure which befell it during the Middle Ages. Writers would refuse to produce and in refusing leave thought to stagnate. Readers would have to subsist, as they used to subsist, on the canned meats of the past, and booksellers and bookselling unions would go out of business. Concerning the provenance of these stupidities a jest is worth citing. Said Heine: "I seem dull, no doubt; but then I have been exchanging ideas with a publisher." The descendants of that publisher are in Holland to-day. May they stay there. Of their premises one alone holds water. It concerns translations. It is asserted that into publications of this order the original author does not enter. We should say so. But we should say, too, that it is these ignominious who prevent him. Even otherwise, translations, as they are made, encourage the original author to enter only with suits for libel. Fancy how pleased Cibber must have been when his play "Love's Last Shift" was twisted into "La Dernière Chemise de L'Amour," and fancy Congreve when his "Mourning Bride" developed into a "Bride of the Morning." Yet, as Dante said:

"Non ragionam di lor' ma guarda e passa."

The advice is so pertinent and the Bookselling Union so impertinent that to them we leave the translation.

EDGAR SALTUS.



Drawn by Thomas Fogarty

IN THE GALLERY—THE REAL MUSIC-LOVERS

THE OPERA SEASON IN NEW YORK



TUESDAY evening of last week a very critical and socially brilliant audience gathered at the Metropolitan Opera House to listen to the initial performance of the grand opera season. The seating and standing room of the great house was tested to its utmost capacity by a vast gathering of persons who had come to hear a German opera conducted by an Italian director, with the chief male rôles in the hands of French singers—M. Ernest Van Dyck, of whom much has been said, M. Henri Albers, of whom little has been known, and M. Pol Plançon, an old favorite and excellently gifted singer who nevertheless shows a disposition to mesmerize his fellow-artists by making Sycophantic passes before them constantly.

The result of the evening was not altogether a success from an artistic standpoint, however much it may have met the approval of the financial managers; for in spite of the brilliant work of most of the prominent artists in the caste, there were noteworthy disappointments in individual cases, and a chorus and ballet contingent which were several degrees poorer than have yet been seen and heard at the Metropolitan Opera House, and that is saying much. The gyrations of the dancers in the Bacchanalian scene were grotesquely ungraceful and pointless, in spite of elaborately designed pantomime which, in the hands of capable interpreters, would have made a telling hit in the performance.

In the Hall of Song in the second act not only were the conductor and his chorus separated by several measures, but the women's voices, especially the sopranos, dropped out entirely in a wild endeavor to discover the whereabouts of the conductor and overtake him. When the women finally withdrew from the scene the reedy and poor quality of the men's voices was more conspicuous. The Pilgrim's Chorus in the last act, which is the culmination of the beautiful "guiding theme" of the opera, was inexcusably feeble and left no impression save one of keen disappointment.

But if such blemishes were so prominently apparent with the choruses, some very perfect pleasure was provided by the five principal artists who appeared, and whose splendid work was quickly recognized by the sympathetic audience. It was quite evident that the latter had come prepared to expend some enthusiasm on the new tenor, Ernest Van Dyck, and this they did generously at the end of each act, although to those who recall Tannhäuser in the old German Opera days there was a clearly discerned lack of the old spontaneity and feeling in the applause. Nevertheless, while the reappearance of Mesdames Eames and Nordica was also an event of musical importance, the interest of the

early part of the evening was centered about the new Tannhäuser, who has been said to be the only rival of Jean de Reszke.

That the new tenor has a pleasing personality and is dramatically conscientious cannot be denied; but notwithstanding his vigorous impersonation, which was strongly reminiscent at times of another and not highly admired Tannhäuser, Herr Gudenus, the ardent interest in his interpretation cooled very perceptibly before the

vocalism was thrown aside and dramatic ejaculation took its place. He was at his best in the lovely duo with Elizabeth in the second act, where Mme. Eames' flute-like voice and smooth lyrical style were heard to particular advantage; but at no time during the evening did M. Van Dyck rise to a first rank, or very much above respectable mediocrity, in spite of his evident desire to please.

But if the much-heralded tenor failed to meet the high things demanded of him, a rare delight was met with in the Wolfram of Henri Albers. Dignified in bearing, reposeful and tender, he offered the vocal surprise of the evening. Rarely has a more excellent voice and finished performance of this character been heard and seen in New York.

M. Albers' vocal skill is finished, his firm, even voice warm with life and sympathy, his method broad and noble, and his interpretation of Wolfram's exquisite music was almost faultless. His rendering of the perfect music of the third act has rarely been surpassed, the charm of the singer and the mysterious magic of the voices of the orchestra communicating themselves to the audience so powerfully that the final tribute to the singer's art was shown in the sympathy of deep silence.

As Herman Mons, Plançon gave as finished a performance as one looks for at the hands of such a recognized artist, and although a note on the programme, and later an announcement from the stage, informed the audience of the serious cold from which Mons, Plançon was suffering, the singer's voice was richly natural and smooth as a deep-toned bell.

Mme. Nordica, who at the outset seemed somewhat husky, soon sang above her disability and rendered the difficult music of the first act in Venus's grotto most admirably. Her brilliant, sympathetic voice was perhaps too sweetly pathetic for a true portrayal of the character of Venus, but her performance was laudable and finished, and rendered her many admirers more enthusiastic than ever.

Mme. Eames, the Elizabeth of the caste, was surpassingly beautiful, if somewhat Oriental, in her first-act costume, and was, vocally, at her best. If there was a lack of warmth in some of the pathetic scenes, her technically perfect singing was an equivalent enticing enough to disarm the captious critic. Her song of joy for Tannhäuser's return, her duet with him, and, later, her pleading for him, was among the best of this songstress's work; and, taken all in all, the evening's representation was as successful as Mr. Grau could have wished.

Of the minor singers, Herr Muhlmann and Mme. Meisslinger performed their parts interestingly.

Some praise may be accorded to Signor Mancinelli, but only a modicum. His bright Italian conception of Wagner's music was rarely sympathetic with the ideas of that master of melody, and to the furious pace at which he hurried his singers along may probably be traced the discomfiture of the unaccustomed choruses.



M. ERNEST VAN DYCK.
The new Tenor of the Grau Opera Company.

second act had been reached. Nor was it rekindled throughout the evening—M. Van Dyck was especially spirited in the great second act, but used his mobile features rather more than was good for the part he was impersonating.

The new singer's voice is light and throaty. It is not always steady, and at times trends perilously toward an unpleasant vibrato. In the long scene with Venus in the grotto this was particularly apparent. There is an absence of musical repose in M. Van Dyck's treatment of the part, and later in the evening mere



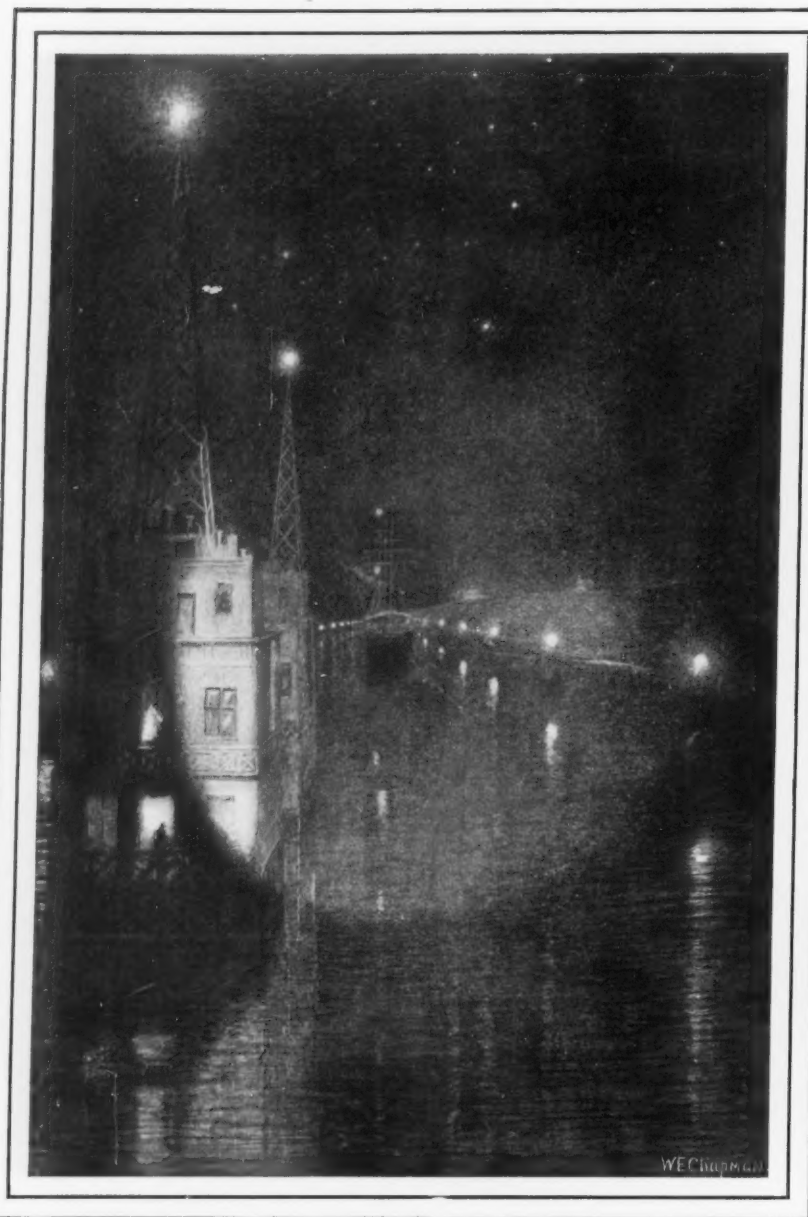
Drawn by Thomas Fogarty

IN THE BOXES—THE SOCIAL SIDE OF IT



PAINTED BY ELLEN BERNARD THOMPSON FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY

THE LAUREL GATHERERS



Drawn from Life by W. E. Chapman

THE CANAL AT NIGHT

THROUGH SUEZ BY SEARCH-LIGHT

OUR voyage up the Red Sea was monotonous and hot. The old soldiers leaned nonchalantly back in the steamer chairs and smoked. They refused to be questioned about the coming passage through the Suez Canal: "It was a hundred miles in length, and would take twenty or more weary hours to get through," they said.

The curiosity of youth regarding the colossal works of man was not to be repulsed so easily; still, it was obliged to fall back upon history for information, and also to await the evening, when we hoped to see the canal for ourselves.

The theological student of our party was disappointed in the long, low horizon of the Red Sea, for he failed to see any confirmation of the Pharaoh story.

"What is traveling, anyhow," he asked in disgust, "but the supplanting of imaginary pictures by impressions of prosaic reality?"

I shall never forget the expression on the face of an old gray-bearded traveler, who overheard the sentence, and remarked:

"Youth is extravagance; one must grow old before one sees beauty in the simple, unpretentious order of things really great."

About sundown our anchor was dropped off Suez. No sign of an entrance to the canal was visible. Suez itself was the one interesting spot in the long horizon. In the glimmering sunset light it reflected itself, Venice-like, in the water. A nearer view was disenchanted; the buildings are not architectural wonders, though the town is well built, has fine avenues of trees, and much luxuriant vegetation, thanks to the water supply of the Nile.

Out in the bay, the triangular sails peculiar to the East dotted the horizon picturesquely. Near us were riding at anchor several large ocean-going steamers, evidently just emerged from the canal, for there was still suspended from their bows the cage or small room, large enough to accommodate the men who manipulate

the electric searchlight which illuminates the path of the ship through the canal at night. The canal management compels the use of the searchlight, and provides it, temporarily, for such ships as do not possess it.

It was growing dark as we entered the curved channel at the entrance of the canal. The ship moved under her own steam, but only at the regulation speed of four miles an hour. Yet the lights of Suez town soon dropped astern and twinkled in the distance.

We slipped noiselessly along in a channel not wide enough for two ships to pass. By daylight the canal might be, as the old soldiers declared it, commonplace and wearisome; but when the soft night of the Orient closed down each object aloft and on shore took on strange life and mystery. The weird light at our bow lighted up a semicircle of pale green water. Not a sound was heard from the desert; not a throb or vibration was heard on the ship; nor was there a sign of motion, except the gentle displacement wave that swished the bank as it followed in our wake. A line of bobbing buoys decorated the channel's edge with colored lights. Now and then huge towers were passed, with ladders losing themselves in the black night sky. These dark masses rested on rafts, apparently of several decks, the lower of which were peopled with families silhouetted, as they stood on the balconies or in the doorways, against the glowing interiors. These structures, utterly inexplicable in the darkness, proved themselves at dawn to be huge dredges used in clearing the canal. The towers support long arms, which conduct the dredged sand a hundred feet or more inland; the lower part contains the dredging machinery, and provides a home for the workers and their families.

In the horizon before us arose a light like the moon, and grew larger and larger. It was a ship coming toward us. The vessel entering a "block" first has the right of way. So we waited in a "side station," or widening of the canal made for the purpose. Many times during the night we were so side-tracked.

Once there passed us a ship sister to our own. Her lights loomed larger and larger, and finally we could see the boat herself. Slowly she passed, a mass of black and white people leaning over the rail; the homeward

and the outward bound ones met, thrilled, and cheered. An interchange of letters, messages and good wishes passed from ship to ship; then we slipped away, and we continued our voyage.

Such scenes repeated themselves throughout the night. The searchlight revealed sometimes objects of interest on the desert—as a group of palm trees, some Arab tents, or a passing caravan of camels. The early morning was spent in steaming through the inland sea called the Bitter Lakes, sometimes quite losing sight of land. The channel is everywhere marked, however; either by buoys or by embankments. Fishing-boats dot the surface of the inland sea, and in the canal itself Biblical looking fishermen were casting their nets for a draught.

The sunlight, however, robbed the canal of all its charms. The dredges became monstrosities—remarkable for nothing but their immensity. Every one was glad when at eleven o'clock Port Said came in sight. The town is on a peninsula of sand, and in the canal the channel is marked by piles. It was past noon when we dropped anchor among the black coaling boats of the port.

People are apt to regard the canal of De Lesseps as a completed work, but it is not so. It owes its permanence to constant dredging and to the exertions of a large force of engineers and workmen, who are incessantly cleaning, widening, and making improvements. The preservation of the canal compels a never-ending battle with the forces of nature.

W. E. CHAPMAN.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY IN LONDON

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

LONDON, Nov. 10, 1898

USUALLY the weather is a foe to this festivity. Tenthis of November have a trick of cloaking themselves with fog when they do not deluge themselves in rain. But yesterday was different. Only delicate mist wandered everywhere, and enough of it to spiritualize Tottenham Court Road and invest even worldly old Piccadilly with the "light that never was." Of course, for this reason, the Lord Mayor's procession became a fairy spectacle indeed. Adequately to see it one had to sit at an upper window, and there were so many short men and women in the crowds packing Ludgate Circus, Fleet Street and the Strand that you wondered why they had come forth at all.

This ceremonial, always carrying with it so keen an appeal to English minds and tastes, may be said to have begun with Alfred, if not earlier yet. The trading Guilds, full of enterprise and public spirit besides being wealthy, were naturally objects of interest to royalty. Therefore frequent contributions were expected by the sovereign to his exchequer, and unless these were forthcoming despotic assumptions and physical attacks would follow. By degrees the power of the sovereign became more and more curtailed, but it is hard to state just at what period parades and feasts and junketings and all the blithest merriment of old Merrie England began to be identified with the people's achievement of civic justice and the new Mayor's assumption of his office as Chief Magistrate of London. Certain it is that the first Richard was also first to grant Londoners the right of electing their own ruler under the title of "Mayor." This happened in 1189, and was the result of a handsome subsidy having been raised by the tradesfolk in order to defray expenses incurred by the Crusades.

As I need hardly record, the Mayor is chosen once a year. Formerly he went in grand state to Westminster, the seat of the King's Courts, but of late he pauses at the Law Courts in the Strand, close to Temple Bar. An author named Taubman gives us, in his "Yearly Jubilee," some valuable glimpses of what this momentous day once was. He describes the Mercers' share in its proceedings, and the Mercers' guild was only one among sixty others, all of which participated in the lordly pomp of November 9, 1689:

"1 The master and wardens and assistants, in their gowns faced with satin, and their hoods. 2 The livery, in their gowns faced with satin, and their hoods. 3 Three-score poor men (galsmen), in gowns and caps, each bearing a banner. 4 Fifty gentlemen ushers, in velvet coats, each having a chain of gold about the shoulders, and in his right hand a white staff. 5 A splendid train of bachelors in gowns and scarlet satin hoods. 6 The rest of the bachelors. 7 Twelve more gentlemen, bearing banners and colors, with scarfs of the company's colors. 8 Thirty-six trumpeters. 9 Fourteen drummers. 10 Drums and fifes, with scarfs. 11 The two city marshals on horseback, and six scarfs to attend them. 12 The six foot-marshals. 13 The Master of Defense, with six persons of the same noble service to attend him. 14 Pensioners in red gowns, with white scarfs and fine white caps, each carrying a javelin in one hand and a target in the other, with the arms painted. 15 A body of the gentlemen of the Honorable Artillery Company as Grenadiers, with crimson velvet caps lined with rich furs, led that day by Sir John Moore. At St Paul's Churchyard they were met by the pageants."

Yesterday there was no such prodigal gorgeousness either in equipage or costume. Certain cynical observers went so far as to denounce the whole exhibition as worthy of a third-class circus. But this was unfair. True, the decorations in Fleet Street and the Strand were chiefly garlands of paper roses, looped from one housefront to another; and garlands of paper have a gew-gaw candor about them, on all occasions, which stubbornly refuses to let distance lend them a ray of enchantment. There were only three allegorical cars. They were not structurally or pictorially poor, but their symbolic meanings failed speedily to seize the mind, and hence they fell short of the finer emblematic success. The first represented Technical Crafts, and a detailed survey was required of it before you grasped its various points of significance. The front female figure supposedly meant Education, and the boy in the rear, working a wheel, was accepted as a portrayer of electrical developments. All the crafts, those of textile



Drawn by C. M. Kelgen, from a Photograph

ANGLO-AMERICAN "FLOAT" IN THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW, LONDON, NOVEMBER 9

fabrics, wood-carving, etc., were illustrated. On the second car a passably creditable Sphinx was ensconced, among soldiers in khaki or the Soudanese uniforms. There was a human lion that rumped if he did not roar, and a quantity of ostensible gold and silver strewn in the rear of the vehicle. There were also nodding palm-trees and a group of able-bodied men in the garb of Colonial settlers. "From Cairo to the Cape" was the prophecy here presented to an applauding multitude. Finally came the Anglo-American car, with "E Pluribus Unum," "Blood is Thicker than Water," Britannia and Columbia standing side by side, and the United States ensign borne by a British sailor, while an American sailor bore that of Great Britain. There were other mottoes on this car, each in its way teeming with that new fervor of amity which has sprung up between the maternal and filial nations. "Hands Across the Sea" was one of these suggestive shibboleths, while "Hail Columbia" and "Rule Britannia" were associated in epochal and stimulating antithesis. Perhaps not a few of our fellow-countrymen present were pierced by a sense of that monstrous iconoclasm which the years can bring about. Even a twelvemonth ago who could have predicted this vital change? It has indeed been "Hands Across the Sea," but no one can deny that England, a few short months ago, stretched hers greatly further than we stretched ours. This fact, considering that we were a people long unused to warfare of the least serious sort, should test the permanency of both our friendliness and our gratitude, as doubtless it will.

The Lord Mayor who went out of office yesterday was Colonel Horatio Davies, M.P., and he retires with universal gratulation and respect. It is now a very different affair to hold the position he has just vacated than it was a few decades ago. In former times he never dined with any member of the royal family. Now he is expected during his brief term to entertain certain members of it—one more proof of how almost every prerogative except that of an immense surviving prestige has been shorn from royalty. They are wondering what dignity the Queen will confer upon Sir Horatio. It is generally believed that he will be honored with a baronetcy. His salary is ten thousand pounds, but he has probably spent twenty thousand more since the 9th of November last. His Mansion House banquets were luxurious almost beyond precedent. His most triumphant feast is said to have been that given to the Freemasons of England, and here, if I mistake not, the Prince of Wales deigned to break bread with him. His hospitality to the Sirdar was also a salient feature of the administration. Moreover, that he should have got the London County Council to put their legs under his Mansion House mahogany was regarded as an especial triumph. It is a remarkable truth, too, that since the beginning of the century, Lord Mayor Davies is one of only eight holding his municipal place who have been, at the same time, members of Parliament.

It is the reigning fashion in London to sneer at Lord Mayor's Day. The most irreverent call it a matter of tinsel and flummery. Only the lower classes, as far as I have ever been able to observe, appear to take it at all seriously. Emerson, I think, declared this country to be one whose modes of living were all founded on precedent. But here we have an instance of the survival from a remote antiquity being treated with hardy disrespect. I observed, while going westward through the Strand toward Trafalgar Square, after all the exposition had vanished and while every variety of cockney still swarmed on roadway and pavement, that countless children yet lingered at many a window, backgrounded by their guardians. And that is precisely what the Day now means to the enormous cultivated middle-class, and even, if you please, to the aristocratic "ten thousand." A cynic would be

prompt enough in declaring that it is all an occasion whose sole respectable feature is imported from the country. Children, with their parents, are brought to it from distant counties, precisely as to the inevitable and inveterate Christmas Pantomime.

The incoming Lord Mayor, Sir John Voce Moore, is, we are assured, a gentleman of much mercantile sagacity while very cultivated both in attainment and taste. The tea and coffee business in King William Street, so widely known, was one of his sage purchases and now bears his name. At last, after exploiting many profitable ventures and holding many positions of marked public trust, he was knighted in 1894.

Lord Mayor's Day proffers food for the American's reflection, and especially, I should say, when that American chances to be a New Yorker. The Mayor of London is elected, it is true, but not in the tumultuous way of our own. Fierce political caucuses and feuds do not surround him, and the rancors of party seem widely enough removed from his quiet appointment by a board of aldermen. If his interval of power is brief it is nevertheless most important; and if the ceremony by which he is ushered into suzerainty may affect certain observers as both tawdry and juvenile, it nearly always foretells, notwithstanding, a great deal of energy, capacity and good sense.

EDGAR FAWCETT.



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THE ADVENTURES OF FRANÇOIS. By S. WEIR MITCHELL. New York: The Century Co.

HER MEMORY. By MAARTEN MAARTENS. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE case of Maria and Betty Gunning shows beauty harnessed with ambition to be a troublesome team. These radiant beings, the loveliest in Ireland, and therefore in the world, were successfully instructed by their impecunious and snobbish mamma to vaunt their own adorableness to eligible dukes, that they might escape becoming the partners of poor but honest Connemara squires. When maternal cozening seemed to fail, Mrs. Gunning said "fool"—either in spite of, or because of, the palpable fact that she was one herself. The young ladies made their debut at the vice-regal court of Dublin. The viceroy and his whole retinue fell down and worshipped. Maria and Betty were cheered at the theatre because they were so beautiful. But greater triumphs awaited them in London. There, eminent statesmen, petted authors, proud nobles, and fashionable exquisites celebrated their charms in words all day and in cups all night. Sheridan paid them literary compliments, and Walpole, before seeing them, manufactured witticisms about them. At the hour of their promenade, one day, a crowd collected in the streets, followed them to Hyde Park, and, inflamed by the blaze of their *beaux yeux*, broke into a riot which was quelled by a charge of footguards and dragoons. Then King George commanded the presence of the famous Hibernian beauties at his palace. Maria had occasion to make four replies to his Majesty; all four were impertinences. In the meantime, the Misses Gunning may have been waiting for an offer from the Pope to take them both to wife.

Mr. Moore has wasted all his sweetness on the desert air. Steele and Goldsmith have taught him their agreeable, polished, and correct, though slightly stilted, conversational expression. His wit, an imitation of Sheridan's, is sometimes as brilliant as Sheridan's. He has

the faculty of presenting the manners and morals of a bygone epoch. He is never at a loss for an incident, knows how to surprise, and how to force a point, and has the power to create human scenery. The humorous instinct is strong in him; the emotional, though frothy, yet is present. Equipped, as Mr. Moore evidently is, to compose a passable comedy, he instead trusts to a lame cock and bull to haul him up Parnassus. But if ever he should write a play, let him remember a book called "The Fatal Gift," in which the landlord of an inn quotes Chesterfield, in which an actress with a large mind and heart constantly alludes to her profession and dispenses trite moral maxims, and in which a green girl of eighteen, bewilderingly innocent, who can barely read and write, says most sophisticated things in epigram.

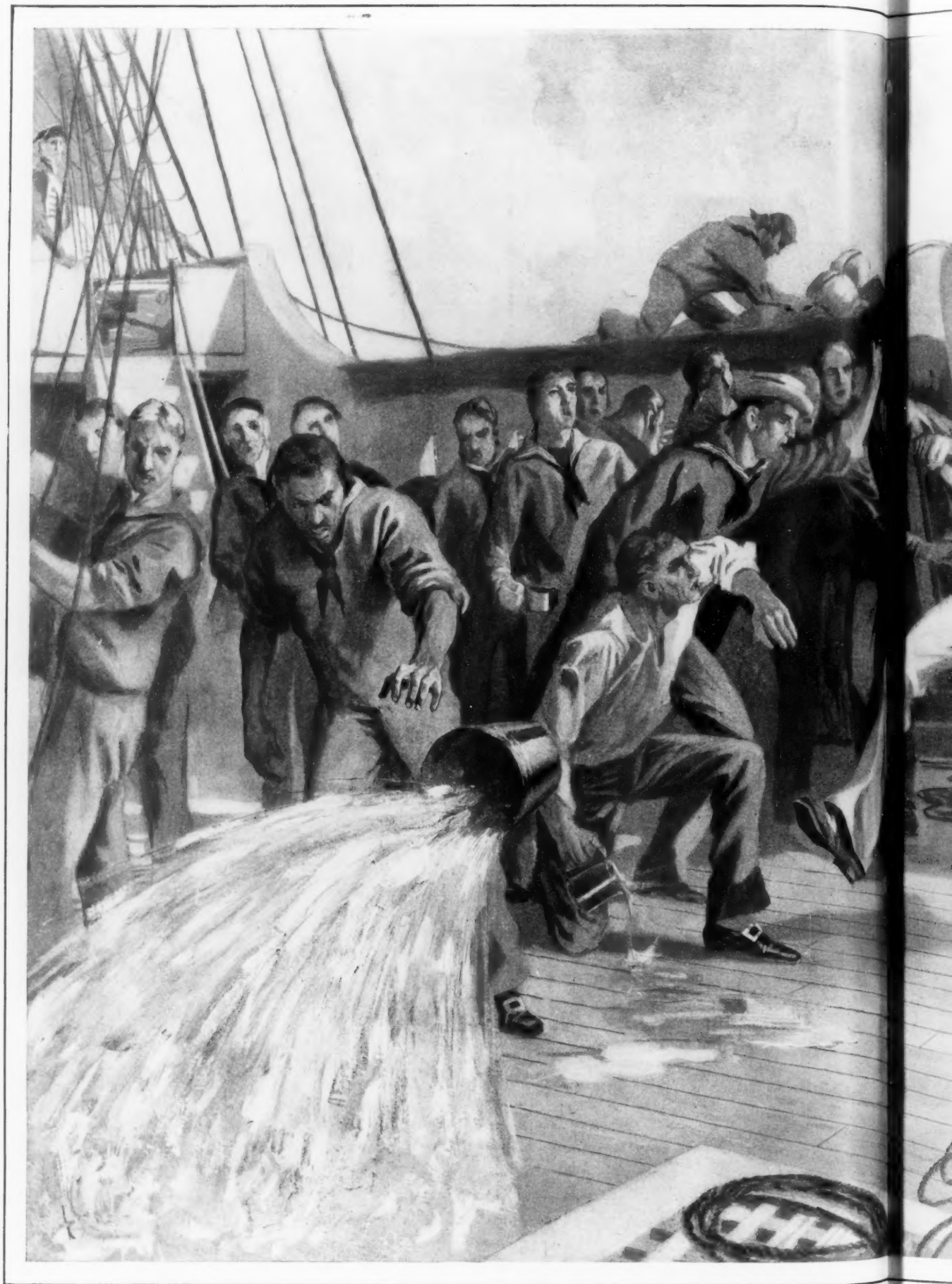
The influence of Sheridan has not been an entire blessing to Mr. Moore. Sheridan classified the human race into people who are sublime wits and people who are not. The former only were of service to the stage, and, once admitted, drew lots for their parts. Thus one sublime wit found himself a grumpy parent, and another a butler.

The scholarly, chaste style of "Hugh Wynne" had a certain Quakerish dryness about it. "François" is more loosely written, and more amiably perhaps. And that may be well, for Monsieur François had the loosest of morals and a most amiable manner. But we somewhat regret the severity of style of "Hugh Wynne," and even its dryness, when we are given a less careful effort in its stead. As to the employment of foreign idioms, we must acknowledge that, in writing a story enacted in France, the difficulty must be great to strike the balance between a phraseology exclusively pertaining to Great Britain and one corresponding to French ways.

In "François" we hear of Robespierre, the Terror, the Conciergerie, tumbrels, citizen commissioners, and other people and places and things figuring in the great French Blood-Bacchanal. François' neck was in danger too, but a youth gifted with his slippery evasiveness was hard to catch, and harder to hold when you had him. He escaped from prison on the strength of his wits, which were also sufficient, with the assistance of a hundred *louis d'or*, to provide for the sudden and unexpected disappearance from Jacobin custody of the Marquis de Ste. Luce, François' master, friend, and benefactor. François was gay, reckless, and a hopeless kleptomaniac. Incidentally, he juggled, acted, and gave fencing lessons for a living. The place which ought to have been filled by his conscience was a serene blank. He had no moral code. He did not see the use of one. Nevertheless, he knew the meaning of bravery, devotion, and fidelity. At any rate, Dr. Mitchell kept him from the gallows, and thought him worthy of a peaceful and respectable end.

Nor to "The Greater Glory" of Mynheer Maartens is the publication of his new novel. He displays in it a sound knowledge of English character and a sympathetic understanding of the child-mind, and his broad intellectuality and sense of humor he could not conceal if he tried. Moreover, the individuals of his tale are well drawn. But none of them have definite aims. They dream and drift toward nowhere. They consequently neither influence each other, nor guide the progress of the story along a plain, visible track. Their motives and actions do not flow toward and into a final catastrophe. There is not the fatal interdependence of human destinies, not the concentration of the interest upon a central passion, or theory, which are prominent in well-told stories. In short, "Her Memory" is neither engrossing nor powerful. "Joost Avelingh" possessed these qualities, for whose reappearance we look in the next book by Maarten Maartens.

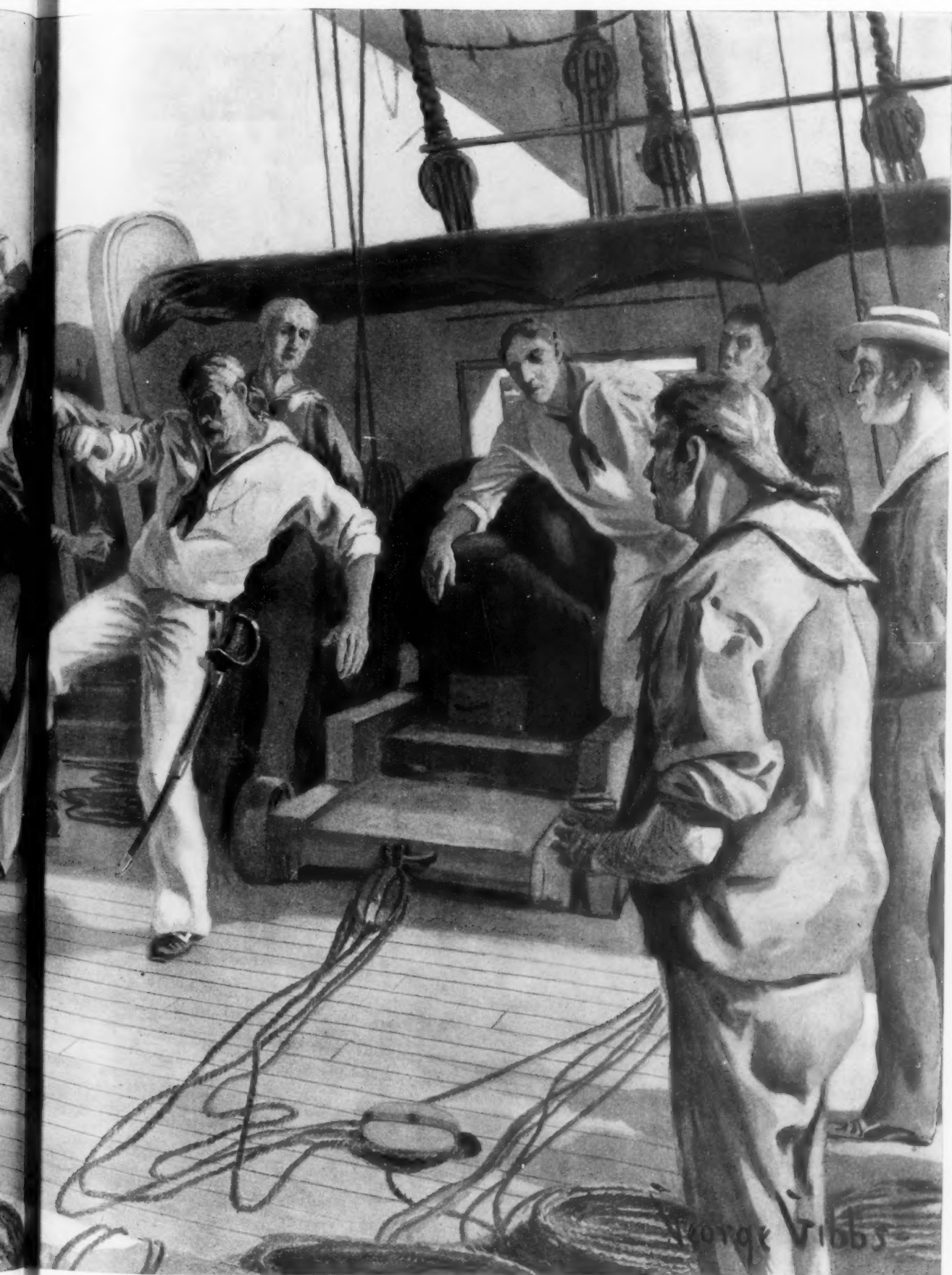
LIONEL STRACHEY.



PAINTED BY GEORGE GIBBS FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY

"NO DUTCH COURAGE

WHEN THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE CONSTITUTION SIGHTED THE BRITISH CYANE AND LEVANT (FEBRUARY 20, 1812) TO BE SERVED. THE CONSTITUTION'S BOATSWAIN KICKED THE GROG-BUCKET, SPILLED THE CO



COURAGE ON THIS SHIP!"

ON FEBRUARY 20, 1815, HER MEN WERE ORDERED TO QUARTERS JUST AS THE AFTERNOON GROG WAS BROUGHT UP
AND PILLED THE CONTENTS, AND SHOUTED, "WE'LL HAVE NO DUTCH COURAGE ON *THIS* SHIP!"

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY A. T. QUILLER-COUCH



POISONED ICE.

By "Q"

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD PYLE



WE WERE four in the *patio*. And the *patio* was magnificent, with a terrace of marble running round its four sides, and in the middle a fountain splashing in a marble basin. I will not swear to the marble; for I was a boy of ten at the time, and that is a long while ago. But I describe as I recollect. It was a magnificent *patio*, at all events, and the house was a palace. And who the owner might be, Felipe perhaps knew. But he was too silly to tell, and the rest of us neither knew nor cared.

The two women lay stretched on the terrace, with their heads close together and resting against the house wall. And I sat beside them gnawing a bone. The sun shone over the low eastern wall upon the fountain and upon Felipe perched upon the rim of the basin, with his lame leg stuck out straight and his mouth working as he fastened a nail in the end of his beggar's crutch.

I cannot tell you the hour exactly, but it was early morning, and the date the twenty-fourth of February, 1871. I learned this later. We in the *patio* did not bother ourselves about the date, for the world had come to an end, and we were the last four left in it. For three weeks we had been playing hide-and-seek with the death that had caught and swallowed every one else; and for the moment it was quite enough for the women to sleep, for me to gnaw my bone in the shade, and for Felipe to fasten the loose nail in his crutch. Many windows opened on the *patio*. Through the nearest, by turning my head a little, I could see into a noble room lined with pictures and heaped with furniture and torn hangings. All of it was ours, or might be, for the trouble of stepping inside and taking possession. But the bone (I had killed a dog for it) was a juicy one, and I felt no inclination to stir. There was the risk, too, of infection—of the plague.

"Hullo!" cried Felipe, slipping on his shoe, with the heel of which he had been hammering. "You awake?"

I put Felipe last of us in order, for he was an old fool. Yet I must say that we owed our lives to him. Why he took so much trouble and spent so much ingenuity in saving them is not to be guessed: for the whole city of Panama comprehended no two lives more worthless than old Doña Teresa's (as we called her) and mine; and as for the Carmelite, Sister Marta, who had joined our adventures two days before, she, poor soul, would have thanked him for putting a knife into her and ending her shame.

But Felipe, though a fool, had a fine sense of irony. And so for three weeks Doña Teresa and I—and for forty-eight hours Sister Marta too—had been lurking and doubling, squatting in cellars, crawling on roofs, breaking cover at night to snatch our food, all under Felipe's generalship. And he had carried us through. Perhaps he had a soft corner in his heart for old Teresa. He and she were just of an age, the two most careless-hearted outcasts in Panama; and knew each other's peccadilloes to a hair. I went with Teresa. Heaven knows in what gutter she had first picked me up, but for professional ends I was her starving grandchild, and now reaped the advantages of that dishonoring fiction.

"How can a gentleman sleep for your thrice-cursed hammering?" was my answer to Felipe Fill-the-Bag.

"The city is very still this morning," he observed, sniffing the air, which was laden still with the scent of burned cedar-wood. "The English dogs will have turned their backs on us for good. I heard their bugles at daybreak; since then, nothing."

"These are fair quarters, for a change."

He grinned. "They seem to suit the lady, your grandmother. She has not groaned for three hours. I infer that her illustrious sciatica is no longer troubling her."

Our chatter awoke the Carmelite, perhaps. She opened her eyes, unclasped her hand, which had been locked round one of the old hag's, and sat up blinking, with a smile which died away very pitifully.

"Good morning, Señoría," said I.

She bent over Teresa, but suddenly drew back with a little "Ah!" and stared, holding her breath.

"What is the matter?"

She was on her knees, now; and putting out a hand, touched Teresa's skinny neck with the tips of two fingers.

"What is the matter?" echoed Felipe, coming forward from the fountain.

"She is dead!" said I, dropping the hand which I had lifted.

"Jesu—" began the Carmelite, and stopped, and we stared at one another, all three.

With her eyes wide and fastened on mine, Sister Marta felt for the crucifix and rope of beads which usually hung from her waist. It was gone; but her hands fumbled for quite a minute before the loss came home to her brain. And then she removed her face from us and bent her forehead to the pavement. She made no sound, but I saw her feet writhing.

"Come, come," said Felipe, and found no more to say.

I can guess now a little of what was passing through her unhappy mind. Women are women, and understand one another. And Teresa, unclean and abandoned old hulk though she was, had stood by this girl when she came to us like a lost ship. "Dear, dear, dear"—I remembered scraps of her talk—"the good Lord is debonair, and knows all about these things. He isn't like a man, as you might say"; and again, "Why bless you, He's not going to condemn you for a matter that I could explain in five minutes. 'If it comes to that,' I should say—and I've often noticed that a real gentleman likes you all the better for speaking up—'If it comes to that, Lord, why did You put such bloody-minded pirates into the world?' Now to my thinking"—and I remember her rolling a leaf of tobacco as she said it—"it's a great improvement to the mind to have been through the battle, whether you have won or lost; and that's why, when on earth, He chose the likes of us for company."

This philosophy was not the sort to convince a religious girl; but I believe it comforted her. Women are women, as I said; and when the ship goes down a rotten plank is better than none. So the Carmelite had dropped asleep last night with her hand locked round Teresa's; and so it happened to Teresa this morning to be lamented, and sincerely lamented, by one of the devout. It was almost an edifying end; and the prospect of it, a few days ago, would have tickled her hugely.

"But what did she die of?" I asked Felipe, when we had in delicacy withdrawn to the fountain, leaving the Carmelite alone with her grief.

He opened his mouth and pointed a finger at it.

"But only last evening I offered to share my bone with her; and she told me to keep it for myself."

"Your Excellency does not reason so well as usual," said Felipe, without a smile on his face. "The illustrious defunct had a great affection for her grandchild, which caused her to overlook the ambiguity of the relationship—and other things."

"But do you mean to say—"

"She was a personage of great force of character, and of some virtues which escaped recognition, being unusual. I pray," said he, lifting the rim of his rusty hat, "that her soul may find the best peace! I had the honor to follow her career almost from the beginning. I remember her even as a damsel of a very rare beauty; but even then, as I say, her virtues were unusual, and less easily detected than her failings. I, for example, who supposed myself to know her thoroughly, missed

"Looking upon her courage, or I had spent last night seeking food. I am a fool and a pig."

"And consequently, while we slept—"

"Excuse me, I have not slept."

"You have been keeping watch?"

"Not for the buccaneers, my lord. They left before my break. But the dogs of the city are starving, even as we; and like us they have taken to hunting in corners. Now this is a handsome courtyard, but the gate does not happen to be too secure."

I shivered. Felipe watched me with an amiable grin. "But let us not," he continued, "speak contemptuously of our inheritance. It is, after all, a very fair kingdom for three. Captain Morgan and his men are accomplished scoundrels, but careless: they have not that eye for trifles which is acquired in our noble profession, and they have no instinct at all for hiding-places. I assure you this city yet contains palaces to live in, linen and silver plate to keep us comfortable. Food is scarce, I grant; but we shall have wines of the very first quality. We shall live royally. But, alas! Heaven has exacted more than its tithe of my enjoyment. I had looked forward to seeing Teresa in a palace of her own. What a queen she would have made, to be sure!"

"Are we three the only souls in Panama?"

Felipe rubbed his chin. "I think there is one other. But he is a philosopher, and despises purple and linen. We who value them, within reason, could desire no better subject." He arose and treated me to a regal bow. "Shall we inspect our legacy, my brother, and make arrangements for the coronation?"

"We might pick up something to eat on the way," said I.

Felipe hobbled over to the terrace. "Poor old —," he muttered, touching the corpse with his staff, and dwelling on the vile word with pondering affection. "Señorita," said he aloud, "much grief is not good on an empty stomach. If Juan here will lift her feet—"

We carried Doña Teresa into the large cool room, and laid her on a couch. Felipe tore down the silken hangings from one of the windows and spread them over her to her chin, which he tied up with the yellow kerchief which had been her only headgear for years. The Carmelite meanwhile detached two heavy silver sconces from a great candelabrum and set them by her feet. But we could find no tinder-box to light the candles—big enough for an altar.

"She will do handsomely until evening," said Felipe, and added under his breath, "But we must contrive to fasten the gate of the patio."

"I will watch by her," said Sister Marta.

Felipe glanced at us and shook his head. "I knew he was thinking of the dogs. 'That would not do at all, Señorita. For the living, the living,' as they say. If we live, we will return this evening and attend to her; but while my poor head remains clear (and Heaven knows how long that will be) there is more important work to be done."

"To bury the dead—"

"It is one of the Seven Corporal Acts of Mercy, Señorita, and it won Raphael to the house of Tobit. But in this instance Raphael shuts himself up and we must go to him. While Teresa lived, all was well; but now, with two lives depending on my wits, and my wits not to be depended on for an hour, it does not suit with my conscience to waste time in finding you another protector."

"But they—they have gone?"

"The Lutheran dogs have gone, and have taken the city's victuals with them."

"I do not want to live, my friend."

"Granted; but I do not think that Juanito, here, is quite of your mind."

She considered for a moment. "I will go with you," she said; and we quitted the patio together.

The gate opened upon a narrow alley, encumbered now with charred beams and heaps of refuse from a burned house across the way. The fury of the pirates had been extravagant but careless (as Felipe had said). In their lust of robbing, firing, murdering, they had followed no system; and so it happened that a few houses, even wealthy ones, stood intact, like islands, in the general ruin. For the most part, to be sure, there were houses which hid their comfort behind mean walls. But once or twice we were fairly staggered by the blind rage which had passed over a mansion crowded with valuables and wrecked a dozen poor habitations all around it. The mischief was that from such houses Felipe, our forager, brought reports of wealth to make the month water, but nothing to stay the stomach. The meat in the larders was putrid; the bread hard as a stone. We were thankful at last for a few oranges, on which we snatched a breakfast in an angle of ruined wall on the north side of the Cathedral, pricking up our ears at the baying of the dogs as they hunted their food somewhere in the northern suburbs.

I confess that the empty houses gave me the creeps, staring down at me with their open windows while I sucked my orange. In the rooms behind those windows lay dead bodies, no doubt; some mutilated, some swollen with the plague (for during a fortnight now the plague had been busy)—all lying quiet up there, with the sun staring in on them. Each window had a meaning in its eye, and was trying to convey it. "If you could only look through me," one said. "The house is empty—come upstairs and see." For me that was an uncomfortable meal. Felipe, too, had lost some of his spirits. The fact is, we had been forced to step aside to pass more than one body stretched at length or huddled in the roadway, and—well, I have told you about the dogs.

Between the Cathedral and the quays scarcely a house remained; for the whole of this side of the city had been built of wood. But beyond this smoking waste we came to the great stone warehouses by the waterside, and the barracks where the Genoese traders lodged their slaves. The shells of these buildings

stood, but every one had been gutted and the roofs of all but two or three had collapsed. We picked our way circumspectly now, for here had been the buccaneers' headquarters. But the quays were as desolate as the city. Empty, too, were the long stables where the horses and mules had used to be kept for conveying the royal plate from ocean to ocean. Two or three poor beasts lay in their stalls—slaughtered as unfit for service; the rest, no doubt, were carrying Morgan's loot on the road to Chagres.

Here, beside the stables, Felipe took a sudden turn to the right and struck down a lane which seemed to wind back toward the city between long lines of warehouses. I believe that, had we gone forward another hundred yards, to the quay's edge, we should have seen or heard enough to send us along that lane at the double. As it was, we heard nothing, and saw only the blue bay, the islands shining green under the thin line of smoke blown on the land breeze—no living creature between us and them but a few sea-birds. After we had struck into the lane I turned for another look, and am sure that this was all.

Felipe led the way down the lane for a couple of gunshots perhaps; the Carmelite following like a ghost in her white robes, and I close at her heels. He halted before a low door on the left; a door of the most ordinary appearance. It opened by a common latch upon a cobbled passage running between two warehouses, and so narrow that the walls almost met high over our heads. At the end of this passage—which was perhaps forty feet long—we came to a second door, with a grille, and, hanging beside it, an iron bell-handle, at which Felipe tugged.

The sound of the bell gave me a start, for it seemed to come from just beneath my feet. Felipe grinned.

"Brother Bartolomé works like a mole. But good wine needs no bush, my Juanito, as you shall presently own. He takes his own time, though," Felipe grumbled, after a minute. "It cannot be that—"

He was about to tug again when somebody pushed back the little shutter behind the grille, and a pair of eyes (we could see nothing of the face) gazed out upon us.

"There is no longer need for caution, reverend father," said Felipe, addressing the grille. "The Lutheran dogs have left the city, and we have come to taste your cordial and consult with you on a matter of business."

We heard a bolt slid, and the door opened upon a pale emaciated face and two eyes which clearly found the very moderate daylight too much for them. Brother Bartolomé blinked without ceasing, while he shielded with one hand the thin flame of an earthenware lamp.

"Are you come all on one business?" he asked, his gaze passing from one to another, and resting at length on the Carmelite.

"When the forest takes fire all beasts are cousins," said Felipe sententiously.

Without another question the friar turned and led the way, down a flight of stairs which plunged (for all I could tell) into the bowels of earth. His lamp flickered on bare walls upon which the spiders scurried. I counted twenty steps, and still all below us was dark as a pit; ten more, and I was pulled up with that peculiar and highly disagreeable jar which every one remembers who has put forward a foot expecting a step and found himself suddenly on the level. The passage ran straight ahead into darkness; but the friar pushed open a low door in the left-hand wall, and, stepping aside, ushered us into a room, or paved cell, lighted by a small lamp depending by a chain from the vaulted roof.

Shelves lined the cell from floor to roof; chests, benches, and work-tables occupied two-thirds of the floor-space; and all were crowded with books, bottles, retorts, phials, and the apparatus of a laboratory. "Crowded," however, is not the word; for at a second glance I recognized the beautiful order that reigned. The deal work-benches had been scoured white as paper; every glass, every metal pan-basin sparkled and shone in the double light of the lamp and of a faint beam of day conducted down from the upper world by a kind of funnel and through a grated window facing the door.

In this queer double light Brother Bartolomé faced us, after extinguishing the small lamp in his hand.

"You say the pirates have left?"

Felipe nodded. "At daybreak. We in this room are all who remain in Panama."

"The citizens will be returning, doubtless, in a day or two. I have no food for you, if that is what you seek. I finished my last crust yesterday."

"That is a pity. But we must forage. Meanwhile, reverend father, a touch of your cordial—"

Brother Bartolomé reached down a bottle from a shelf. It was heavily sealed and decorated with a large green label bearing a scarlet cross. Bottles similarly sealed and labeled lined this shelf and a dozen others. He broke the seal, drew the cork, and fetched three glasses, each of which he held carefully up to the lamplight. Satisfied of their cleanliness, he held the first out to the Carmelite. She shook her head.

"It is against the vow."

He grunted and poured out a glassful apiece for Felipe and me. The first sip brought tears into my eyes; and then suddenly I was filled with sunshine—golden sunshine—and could feel it running from limb to limb through every vein in my small body.

Felipe chuckled. "See the lad looking down at his stomach! Button your jacket, Juanito; the noonday's shining through. Another sip, to the reverend father's health! His brothers ran away—the Abbot himself runs; but Brother Bartolomé stays. For he labors for the good of man, and that gives a clear conscience. Behold how just, after all, are the dispositions of Heaven: how blind are the wicked! For three weeks those bloody-minded dogs have been grinning and running about the city; and here under their feet, as in a

mine, have lain the two most precious jewels of all—a clear conscience and a liquor which, upon my faith, holy father, cannot be believed in under a second glass."

Brother Bartolomé was refilling the glass, when the Carmelite touched his arm.

"You have been here—all the while?"

"Has it been so long? I have been at work, you see."

"For the good of man," interrupted Felipe. "Time slips away when one works for the good of man."

"And all the while you were distilling this?"

"This—and other things."

"Other things to drink?"

"My daughter, had they caught me they might have tortured me. I might have held my tongue; but, again, I might not. Under torture one never knows what will happen. But the secret of the liquor had to die with me—that is in the vow. So to be on the safe side I made—other things."

"Father, give me to drink of those other things."

She spoke scarcely above her breath; but her fingers were gripping his arm. He looked straight into her eyes.

"My poor child!" was all he said, very low and slow.

"I can touch no other sacrament," she pleaded.

"Father, have mercy and give me that one!" She watched his eyes eagerly as they flinched from hers in pity and dwelt for a moment on a tall chest behind her shoulder, against the wall to the right of the door. She glanced round, stepped to the chest, and laid a hand on the lid. "Is it here?" she asked.

But he was beside her on the instant; and stooping, looked down the lid, and drew out the key abruptly.

"Is it here?" she repeated.

"My child, that is an ice-chest. In the liquor, for perfection, the water used has first to be frozen. That chest contains ice, and nothing else."

"Nothing else?" she persisted.

But here Felipe broke in. "The Señorita is off her hinges, father. Much fasting has made her light-headed. And that brings me to my business. You know my head, too, is not strong; good enough for a furlong or two, but not for the mile course. Now if you will shelter these two innocents while I forage, we shall make a famous household. You have rooms here in plenty; the best-hidden in Panama. But none of us can live without food, and with these two to look after I am hampered. There are the dogs, too. But Felipe knows a trick or two more than the dogs, and if he do not fill your larder by sunset, may his left leg be withered like his right!"

Brother Bartolomé considered. "Here are the keys," said he. "Choose your lodgings and take the boy along with you, for I think the sister here wishes to talk with me alone."

Felipe took the keys and handed me the small lamp, which I held aloft as he limped after me along the dark corridor, tapping its flagged pavement with the nail of his crutch. We passed an iron-studded door which led, he told me, to the crypt of the chapel; and soon after mounted a flight of steps and found ourselves before the great folding doors of the ante-chapel itself, and looked in. Here was light again: actual sunlight, falling through six windows high up in the southern wall and resting in bright patches on the stall canopies within. We looked on these bright patches through the interspaces of a great carved screen; but when I would have pressed into the chapel for a better view, Felipe took me by the collar.

"Business first," said he, and pointed up the staircase, which mounted steeply again after its break by the chapel doors. Up we went, and were saluted again by the smell of burned cedar-wood wafted through lancet windows, barred but unglazed, in the outer wall. The inner hall was blank, of course, being the northern side-wall of the chapel; but we passed one doorway in it with which I was to make better acquaintance. And, about twenty steps higher, we reached a long level corridor and the cells where the brothers slept.

Felipe opened them one by one and asked me to take my choice. All were empty and bare, and seemed to me pretty much alike.

"We have slept in worse, but that is not the point. Be pleased to remember, Juanito, that we are kings now; and as kings we are bound to find the reverend fathers' notions of bedding inadequate. Suppose you collect us half a dozen of these mattresses apiece, while I go on and explore . . ."

I chose three cells for Sister Marta, Felipe, and myself, and set about dragging beds and furniture from the others to make us really comfortable. I daresay I spent twenty minutes over this, and, when all was done, perched myself on a stool before the little window of my own bedroom, for a look across the city. It was a very little window indeed, and all I saw was a green patch beyond the northern suburbs, where the rich merchants' gardens lay spread like offerings before a broken-down shrine. Those trees no doubt hid trampled lawns and ruined verandas; but at such a distance no scar could be seen. The suburbs looked just as they had always looked in early spring.

I was staring out of window, so, and just beginning to wonder why Felipe did not return as he had promised, when there came ringing up the staircase two sharp cries followed by a long, shrill, blood-freezing scream.

My first thought (I cannot tell you why) was that Felipe must have tumbled downstairs; and without any second thought I had jumped off my chair and was flying down to his help, three stairs at a bound, when another scream and a roar of laughter fetched me up short. The laugh was not Felipe's; nor could I believe it Brother Bartolomé's. In fact it was the laugh of no one man but of several. The truth leaped on me with a knife, as you might say. The buccaneers had returned.

I told you, a while back, of a small doorway in the inner wall of the staircase. It was just opposite this



DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE

ON THE EDGE OF THE RING, GUARDED, STOOD BROTHER BARTOLOMÉ AND THE CARMELITE

door that I found myself cowering, trying to close my ears against the abhorrent screams which filled the stairway and the empty corridor above with their echoes. To crawl out of sight—had you lived through those three weeks in Panama you would understand why this was the only thought in my head, and why my knees shook so that I actually crawled on them to the little door, and finding that it opened easily, crept inside and shut it before looking about me.

But even in the act of shutting it I grew aware that the screams and laughter were louder than ever. And a glance around told me that I was not in a room at all, but in the chapel, or rather in a gallery overlooking it, and faced with an open balustrade.

As I crouched there on my knees, they could not see me, so, nor could I see them; but their laughter and their infernal jabber—for these buccaneers were the sweepings of half a dozen nations—came to my ears as distinct as though I stood among them. And under the compulsion of terror I crawled to the front of the gallery and peered down between its twisted balusters.

I told you, to start with, that Felipe was a crazy old fool; and I daresay you have gathered by this time what shape his craziness took. He had a mania for imagining himself a great man. For days together he might be as sane as you or I; and then, all of a sudden—a chance word would set him off—he had mounted his horse and put on all the airs of the King of Spain, or his Holiness the Pope, or any grandissimo you pleased, from the Governor of Panama upward. I had known that morning, when he began to prate about our being kings, that the crust of his common-sense was wearing thin. I suppose that after leaving me he must have come across the coffers in which the Abbot kept his robes of state, and that the sight of them started his folly with a twist. For he lay below me on the marble floor of the chapel, arrayed like a prince of the Church. The miter had rolled from his head; but the folds of a magnificent purple cape, embroidered with golden lilies and lined with white silk, flowed from his twisted shoulders over the black and white checkers of the pavement. And he must have dressed himself with care, too: for beneath the torn hem of the alb his feet and ankles stirred feebly, and caught my eye; and they were clad in silken stockings. He was screaming no longer. Only a moan came at intervals as he lay there, with closed eyes, in the center of that ring of devils; and on the outer edge of the ring, guarded, stood Brother Bartolomé and the Carmelite. Had we forgotten or been too careless to close the door after us when Brother Bartolomé let us in? I tried to remember, but could not be sure.

The most of the buccaneers—there were eight of them—spoke no Spanish; but there was one, a cross-eyed fellow, who acted as interpreter. And he knelt and held up a bundle of keys which Felipe wore slung from a girdle round his waist.

"Once more, Master Abbot—will you show us your treasures, or will you not?"

Felipe moaned.

"I tell you," Brother Bartolomé spoke up, very short and distinct, "there are no treasures. And if there were that poor wretch could not show them. He is no Abbot, but a beggar who has lived on charity these twenty years to my knowledge."

"That tongue of yours, friar, needs looking to. I promise you to cut it out and examine it when I have done with your reverend father here. As for the wench at your side—"

"You may do as your cruelty prompts you," Brother Bartolomé interrupted. "But that man is no Abbot."

"He may be St. Peter himself, and these the keys of Heaven and Hell! But I and my comrades are going to find out what they open, as sure as my name is Evan Evans." And he knotted a cord round Felipe's forehead and began to twist. The Carmelite put her hands

over her eyes and would have fallen; but one of her guards held her up, while another slipped both arms round her neck from behind and held her eyelids wide open with finger and thumb. I believe—I hope—that Felipe was past feeling by this time, as he certainly was past speech. He did not scream again, and it was only for a little while that he moaned. But even when the poor fool's head dropped on his shoulder, and the life went out of him, they did not finish with the corpse until, in their blasphemous sport, they had hoisted it over the altar and strapped it there with its arms outstretched and legs dangling.

"Now I think it is your turn," said the scoundrel Evans, turning to Brother Bartolomé with a grin. "I regret that we cannot give you long, for we returned from Tavoga this morning to find Captain Morgan already on the road. It will save time if you tell us at once what these keys open."

"Certainly I will tell you," said the friar, and stretched out a hand for the bunch. "This key, for instance, is useless: it opens the door of the wicket by which you entered. This opens the chest which, as a rule, contains the holy vessels; but it, too, is useless, since the chest is empty of all but the silver chalices and a couple of patens. Will you send one of your men to prove that I speak truth? This, again, is the key of my own cell—"

"Where your reverence entertains the pretty nuns who come for absolution."

"After that," said Brother Bartolomé, pointing a finger toward the poor shape dangling, "you might disdain small blackguardisms of speech."

The scoundrel leaned his back against a carved bench-end and nodded his head slowly. "Master friar, you shall have a hard death."

"Possibly. This, as I was saying, is the key of my cell, where I decoct the liquor for which this house is famous. Of our present stock the bulk lies in the cellars, to which this"—and he held up yet another key—"will admit you. Yes, that is it," as one of the pirates produced a bottle and held it under his nose.

"Eh? Let me see it." The brute Evans snatched the bottle. "Is this the stuff?" he demanded, holding it up to the sunlight which streamed down red on his hand from the robe of a martyr in one of the painted windows above. He pulled out his heavy knife, and with the back of it knocked off the bottle-neck.

"I will trouble you to swear to the taste," said he.

"I taste it only when our customers complain. They have not complained now for two-and-twenty years."

"Nevertheless you will taste it."

"You compel me?"

"Certainly I compel you. I am not going to be poisoned if I can help it. Drink, I tell you!" Brother Bartolomé shrugged his shoulders. "It is against the vow . . . but, under compulsion . . . and truly I make it even better than I used," he wound up smacking his thin lips as he handed back the bottle.

The buccaneer took it, watching his face closely. "Here's death to the Pope!" said he, and tasted it, then took a gulp. "The devil, but it is hot!" he exclaimed, the tears springing into his eyes.

"Certainly, if you drink it in that fashion. But why not try it with ice?"

"Ice?"

"You will find a chestful in my cell. Here is the key; which, by the way, has no business with this bunch. Felipe, yonder, who was always light-fingered, must have stolen it from my work-bench."

"Hand it over. One must go to the priests to learn good living. Here, Jacques le Bec." He rattled off an order to a long-nosed fellow at his elbow, who saluted and left the chapel, taking the key.

"We shall need a cup to mix it in," said Brother Bartolomé quietly.

One of the pirates thrust the silver chalices into his

hands; for the bottle had been passed from one man to another, and they were thirsty for more. Brother Bartolomé took it; and looked at the Carmelite. For the moment nobody spoke; and a queer feeling came over me in my hiding. This quiet group of persons in the quiet chapel—it seemed to me impossible they could mean harm to one another, that in a minute or two the devil would be loose among them. There was no menace in the posture of any one of them, and in Brother Bartolomé's there was certainly no hint of fear. His back was toward me, but the Carmelite stood facing my gallery, and I looked straight into her eyes as they rested on the cups, and in them I read anxiety indeed, but not fear. It was something quite different from fear.

The noise of Jacques le Bec's footstep in the ante-chapel broke this odd spell of silence. The man Evans uncrossed his legs and took a pace to meet him. "Here, hand me a couple of bottles. How much will the cups hold?"

"A bottle and a half, or thereabout; that is, if you allow for the ice."

Jacques carried the bottles in a satchel, and a block of ice in a wrapper under his left arm. He handed over the satchel, set down the ice on the pavement and began to unwrap it. At a word from Evans he fell to breaking it up with the pommel of his sword.

"We must give it a minute or two to melt," Evans added. And again a silence fell, in which I could hear the lumps of ice tinkling as they knocked against the silver rims of the chalices.

"The ice is melted. Is it your pleasure that I first taste this also?" Brother Bartolomé spoke very gravely and deliberately.

"I believe," sneered Evans, "that on these occasions the religious are the first to partake."

The friar lifted one of the chalices and drank. He held it to his lips with a hand that did not shake at all; and, having tasted, passed it on to Evans without a word or a glance. His eyes were on the Carmelite, who had taken half a step forward with palms held sidewise to receive the chalice he still held in his right hand. He guided it to her lips, and his left hand blessed her while she drank. Almost before she had done, the Frenchman, Jacques le Bec, snatched it.

The Carmelite stood, swaying. Brother Bartolomé watched the cups as they went full circle.

Jacques le Bec, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, spoke a word or two rapidly in French.

Brother Bartolomé turned to Evans. "Yes, I go with you. For you, my child!" He felt for his crucifix and held it over the Carmelite, who had dropped on her knees before him. At the same time, with his left hand, he pointed toward the altar. "For these, the mockery of the Crucified One which themselves have prepared!"

I saw Evans pull out his knife and leap. I saw him, like a man shot, drop his arm and spin rightabout as two screams rang out from the gallery over his head. It must have been I who screamed; and to me, now, that is the inexplicable part of it. I cannot remember uttering the screams: yet I can see Evans as he turned at the sound of them.

Yet it was I who screamed, and who ran for the door and, still screaming, dashed out upon the staircase. Up the stairs I ran: along the corridor! and up a second staircase.

The sunshine broke around me. I was on the leads of the roof, and Panama lay spread at my feet like a trodden garden. I listened: no footsteps were following. Far away from the westward came the notes of a bugle—faint, yet clear. In the northern suburbs the dogs were baying. I listened again. I crept to the parapet of the roof and saw the stained eastern window of the chapel a few yards below me, saw its painted saints and martyrs outlined in lead dull against the noonday glow. And from within came no sound at all.



GENERAL SHAFTER'S OWN STORY

THE best-abused soldier of our war with Spain had a chance to tell his own story a few days ago, the occasion being the Evacuation Day dinner, in New York, of the Sons of the Revolution.

"This campaign has been bitterly criticised," said he, "but I tell you that it is easier for the man who doesn't have it to do than it is for the man who bears the responsibility. . . . We had no maps of the country except general maps—nothing on which to base a campaign, but I had two intelligent men with me who had been reared in and around Santiago. From them and Garcia I decided where it was best to land. . . . I selected the landing place, for one reason, because there was plenty of good water coming down in streams from

the mountain, and any one who knows anything about the Civil War will agree with me that it is a great essential. On June 22 the navy bombarded Siboney Bay.

"I had with me the finest army that was ever gotten together in the United States. I had practically all of the regular army, there being with me twenty of twenty-five regiments of infantry, five of the ten regiments of cavalry, and all the light artillery. I didn't use all the light artillery, but I took what I thought I needed, and it turned out that I had more than I needed. I had three regiments of volunteers: one was formed mostly of cowmen, and in everything save discipline they were as good as regular soldiers. I had the Seventy-first New York and the Second Massachusetts. They were good regiments and did their duty, as volunteers always have done. But no regiment on earth can be made effi-

cient for battle in two weeks. The men have got to learn to stand side by side without thinking of it.

"We couldn't carry the comforts of a home with each man. It was impossible. We had three days' rations for every soldier, and every officer went on foot, except General Wheeler, who is old, and myself. Generals Kent and Lawton and the others walked with their rolls on just like the men. You have no idea of the difficulties of that coast. It is very rocky, with perpendicular heights, ranging from ten to fifty feet, rising out of the water, and against which the waves are constantly dashing.

"We started amply provided with shore boats, and in addition we knew that the navy was there to assist us. It did so, and splendidly. Without them we could not have landed in twice the time it took us. Within four days we had landed seventeen thousand men, two

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Photographs (taken in driving snowstorm) by James H. Hare

PENNSYLVANIA-CORNELL, AT PHILADELPHIA, ON THANKSGIVING DAY

1. Cornell about to make a Touchdown. 2. Cornell defending from Outland's Goal-kick.

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR ON FIELD AND WATER

"Who nusses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"

THE last day of the football season was even a worse one than the preceding Saturday, and those who went to the Harvard-Yale game will appreciate what that may mean. Philadelphia gave the Cornell-Pennsylvania players some inches of mud topped with slush to run on, and a gale of wind with driving rain and snow into which to kick. The spectators shivered and blinked out upon the grimy groups that formed now in one part of the field and then in another, hardly able to distinguish even the players, while a large number of blanket-carriers and coaches generally followed the progress of the play and took away what little chance those in the boxes might have had for witnessing the movements of the two teams. If football could be killed by defects of weather or management this season would have sufficed to prepare it for speedy burial, but a sport which can lead from fifteen to twenty thousand people to sit wet, cold and shivering through such a two hours seems to be immortal.

The Cornell programme was directed toward winning one of her two big games this fall, either the one with Princeton at an early date or this one with Pennsylvania at the end of the season. It was not carried out. The Princeton game was the better chance of the two, for Princeton was in a measure unprepared, while Pennsylvania, warned by last Thanksgiving's close match, and whipped into especial determination by the loss of her Harvard game, was certain to put forth every effort to stop the Ithacans.

As a test of mud horses the day was ideal, but as an opportunity to display kicking talent and accuracy it could hardly be called a success. On the whole, owing in part to Hare's bad ankle, Cornell had rather the better of the kicking, but in the running game and in gen-

eralship Pennsylvania was decidedly in the lead, and this superiority, coupled with the fact that, to them, a tie was a defeat and disgrace, enabled them to satisfactorily dispose of Cornell's last opportunity to carry out their programme.

It was singular, but most markedly true, that Pennsylvania played by far the more open game of the two, and the more open her game the more successful she was. That style of play known as guards' back was chiefly successful as a kind of mask and cloak to delayed passes and runs around the ends—or rather, to be more accurate, runs outside the tackle.

Pennsylvania's best man, Hare, was crippled, but, as has been remarked before upon several occasions, strong as a bull when he set his mind upon advancing. Outland displayed his best form of the year, for to make such runs as he made on a sea of mud and slush is equivalent to four times the distance on a dry day. Pennsylvania's kicking was hardly worth the name, and one of these poor kicks gave Cornell her only touchdown. Young's conversion of this touchdown into a goal was an excellent piece of work, for the ball was like lead, the footing insecure, and the angle and wind added to the difficulties.

The first half was strongly Cornell's. The wind and snow driving directly into the faces of the Pennsylvania players were enough to more than account for their inability to keep the ball out of their goal. Although the spectators were fully aware of these disagreeable features, they did not realize what they meant to the players nor what a factor they were in the progress of the ball. For this reason not a few of them were extremely ill-at-ease as they saw Cornell crowding the Quakers down into dangerous ground, and when the touchdown came the faces of the Pennsylvania crowd grew very long, and at the end of the half there was an air of discouragement among the uninitiated.

But this condition of affairs did not last long, for the Quakers came out in snowy white dry trousers, and, with the change of apparel and the wind at last at their backs, they displayed a renewed energy and dash which, in spite of their still erratic kicking and some continuance of the fumbling, soon began to be manifest in the way the ball traveled down toward the Ithacans' goal.

Cornell, on the other hand, muddy, wet and cold, had little stomach for facing that sharp and cutting wind which slacked up their kicks, blinded their eyes, and rendered abortive much of their previous advantage in punts. As the game progressed the play went down more and more into Cornell territory, and before ten minutes of the second half were exhausted Pennsylvania had tied the score and was on the way to victory. Their second score was due to a poor punt by Cornell which gave the Pennsylvania end a straight run of twenty-five yards for a touchdown. Before the end of the game Cornell was once more in difficulties, but by a plucky brace on their very goal-line they held Pennsylvania off and succeeded in keeping the score down to twelve points. Outland was the star of the game, but Young's punting, especially in the first half, was excellent.

The defeat of Williams by Amherst in the game of last week Saturday was an especial triumph for the latter and shows that they have, by keeping steadily at their line of play, advanced more rapidly toward the latter part of the season than their rivals. The relative merits of the two teams, based upon their contests with the third member of the league, Dartmouth, seemed to be reversed in this contest. The ground and the day and the result all reminded one of a game between Wesleyan and the University of Pennsylvania on the Berkeley Oval a number of years ago, when it was expected that Pennsylvania, then playing an open game with Hulse as their star, would win decisively, but the close formations of Wesleyan broke Pennsylvania's defense and crowded them down to an unexpected defeat.

Brown's game with Dartmouth was unusual as representing one of the first of important football contests to be postponed on account of the weather. Perhaps it was just as well that the match was not played upon Saturday, as the result might not have been so conclusive as to the merits of the two teams. Yet there has always been one advantage that a football game was supposed to enjoy beyond and above a boat-race or a baseball match, in that one could count

seeing the game played no matter what the other conditions might be. The game was as hotly contested as I had predicted at the beginning of the season that it would be. Neither side was able to score in the first half, but, in the second, Brown, especially through the good work of Richardson, who throughout the season has put up an excellent game, was able to score twice. The time was shortened, or may be that Brown would have increased their score. Brown put up a hard and plucky game and did much to keep Brown from adding points. A game between Stanford and Brown would have delighted a New England audience, as the two teams have both been demonstrating their high standing among the free states of that territory.

For the first time since the modern college football has been played on the Pacific coast the University of California defeated Stanford. Cochran, last year's Princeton end and captain, helped Berkeley to take revenge for the seven years' record upon Stanford coached by the former Yale center Cross. The defeat was a decisive one, and the playing of both Kaarsburg and Hall was exceedingly good. Murphy of Stanford, who last year aided the Palo Alto men so much, was hardly up to his usual form, and the team work of the boys from across the bay was distinctly superior to that of Stanford.

Trick plays and individual brilliancy of performance gave way to the ordinary bread-and-butter of straight work, and, although the score was a close one and Wideman's run turned the scales, Michigan's victory demonstrated how strong are the fundamentals when compared with the more delicate devices of up-to-date football. Herschberger, as in the East, gave an excellent exhibition of kicking talent, but he was not as well supported as was his rival, and his kicks were not as fortunate in alighting. His place-kick from the forty-yard line was only another indication of the great value to any team of an accurate long-distance kicker.

How much can be done by hard and earnest coaching when bestowed upon a team in the last days of a season was once more demonstrated when Lafayette on Thanksgiving Day turned the tables upon Lehigh, who had only a short time before defeated them

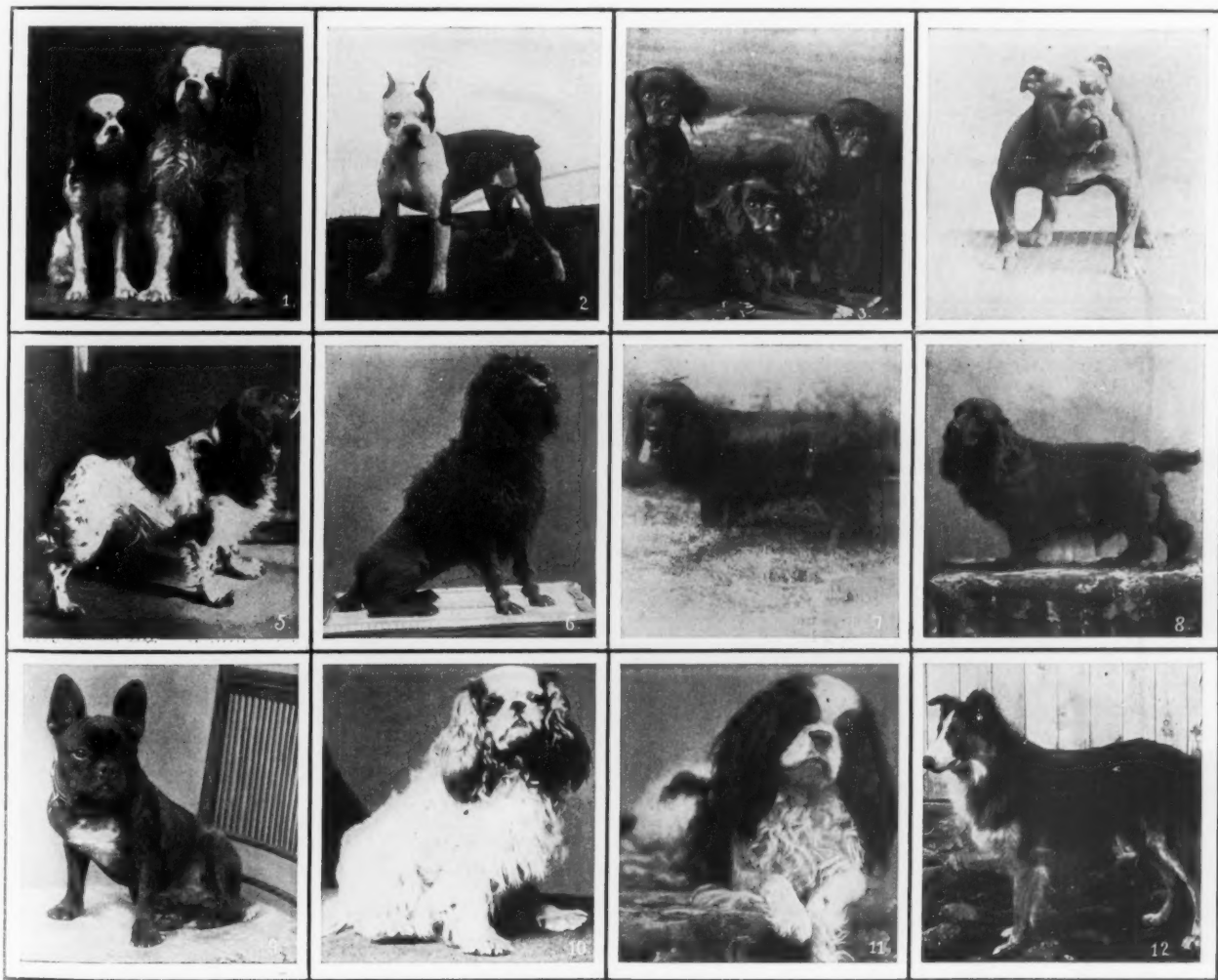
most decisively. The holding back of Bray until his kicking could be made the most of was a wise move, and the entire work of the management of the Lafayette team since that defeat at South Bethlehem exhibited good judgment and indefatigable energy.

The season just closed has marked KICKING FROM the general adoption of one important alteration. It has become almost entirely the fashion to kick from a straight pass from the center, and the idea has become prevalent that to always kick from such a pass is necessary to playing an up-to-date game. This belief is not fully carried out by the facts, and to this wrong idea may at times be charged a score which otherwise would likely have been prevented—as, for instance, the first touchdown by Yale in the West Point game, which was undoubtedly brought about by the bad pass from the center. The primary idea in the minds of those who originated the direct pass from the center for a kick was that by the time thus saved a back could kick, virtually, from his position, and thus catch the opposing back field unprepared, and make it most difficult for opponents to tell whether the ball was to be kicked or rushed. For any team to be in such a quandary is weakening to its defense, for the uncertainty strengthens the attack of the team having possession of the ball. This mode of passing the ball for a kick allows the use of the quarter back as an additional blocker, and has become popular and effective. It is the quarter-back kick somewhat broadened and further developed in its scope. In determining the advisability of making use of this mode of kicking, the personal equation of the men handling the ball must be considered. The intended kicker should be a quick man, quick to think as well as to act—such a man as Herschberger, for instance—and the man who sends the ball back must be capable of doing his duty not only as a snap back, but as a center at the same time. Moreover, he should never pass the ball unless he is sure of his aim, and sure that the opposing center hasn't a finger or a foot in the way of the ball. The kicking of all three of the Yale backs, from their positions, in the Princeton game of 1895 is the best and most highly developed example of this style of kicking yet exhibited, but all were exceptional men. In that same year King, who played quarter-back on the West Point team in the last game with Brown, kicked repeatedly

thirty-five and forty yards from his position, as quarter-back, and his position was the same as that he occupied when passing the ball for a run. In both these instances the kicks were used interchangeably with runs, and such an offensive play proved very strong. These are instances where the exhibition of this mode of passing for a kick is especially proper. There are many other occasions where it is permissible, particularly with such kickers as Houghton and Herschberger. Such a style of pass and kick is, in certain situations, and under certain conditions of kicker and ends, out of place and dangerous, and therefore bad football. Oftentimes during a game a team, no matter how strong, is called upon to kick when the ball is well in its own territory, and even when the kicker is near or across his own goal line. This is not considered a very dangerous position, if the team is well enough handled to know when and how to kick the ball. It is in such circumstances that the direct pass from the center should be questioned. It is perfectly patent that the ball is going to be kicked, and the sole question is, how can the kick be made with the greatest certainty of success. A team would hardly try a kick from the running position, as a mis-pass or a fumble would surely result in a score. Yet most of our teams, in such a critical position, let the center send the ball back ten or twelve yards to the kicker, when the opposing center men are trying their best to have the ball passed under most trying circumstances. The slightest deviation is magnified when the ball is passed so far, and what would be a perfectly good pass for four or five yards, at ten or twelve goes well out of the reach of the kicker. Moreover, a short kick leaves the goal still menaced, and on a long kick the ends cannot possibly cover the ground, so the chances are the ball is run back inside the twenty-five yard line. Therefore, when it is absolutely necessary to get a kick off well, it is much better football to make the play as safe and as sure as possible, giving the ends time to cover the play, and that is best done by sending the ball back via the quarter-back. A team should have at least one absolutely certain way in which they can get a kick off under almost any circumstances. Then they may have as many different ways as they like for special situations in a game.

In next week's issue the summary of the Season's Football will begin.

WALTER CAMP.



A FEW OF THE EXHIBITS AT THE AMERICAN PET DOG CLUB'S SHOW, NEW YORK, THANKSGIVING WEEK

1. Blenheim Spaniels, by courtesy of Mrs. Shrieve.
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9. "Jacques," by courtesy of Miss Stanton.
10. "King of the Blenheims," by courtesy of Mrs. R. A. Simpson.
11. Prince Charles Spaniel "Betsy Trulman," by courtesy of Mrs. Anna Bernstein.
12. Scotch Collie "Hempstead Recruit," by courtesy of James Mortimer, Esq.



THE REHEARSAL OF TOM WRENCH'S PLAY, "TRELAWNY OF THE WELLS"—SCENE FROM ACT IV

THE DRAMA

CONGRATULATIONS to Mr. Daniel Frohman! At the Lyceum Theatre he has opened his regular season with the most original and the most charming play seen in New York in many a year, and with the best performance his stock company has ever given. On the first night the old favorites, including Miss Mannering, Mr. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Walcott, and Mrs. Whiffen, received warm greetings, and a new-comer, from England, Miss Hilda Spong, a beautiful woman, and an actress of unquestionable ability, made an emphatic hit. Mr. Henry Woodruff, too, made his first appearance as a member of the company, and practically his first appearance since he so courageously left the stage four years ago to enter Harvard College. It is pleasant to be able to say that he acted admirably. "Trelawny of the Wells," by Mr. A. W. Pinero, is one of the few pieces that I can recommend to every one.

During the performance it was plain that the piece was making an immense success. As the audience filed out, I heard only exclamations and comments of delight. I had made an appointment for a little supper with a friend, who has written a dozen plays, and has had the remarkable fortune of seeing one produced. His first remark astonished me.

"Well, how do you account for it?"

"For the success of the play?"

"Yes, for the success of the—well, the *tour de force*, or the 'comedieta,' as Pinero calls it. That word showed that Pinero felt he must apologize for it."

"But I don't care whether it's a play or not," I said. "It gets there just the same," I added flippantly.

"Oh, you critics are so inconsistent. Only this afternoon, when you had just finished reading the piece, you were shaking your head over it."

"True," I acknowledged. "And that is one of the reasons why at this moment I am impressed more than I ever was before by Pinero. The publication of 'Trelawny of the Wells' shows how essentially his genius is the dramatic, as distinguished from the literary genius. In print, 'Trelawny' seems a mere skeleton. On the stage it fills out, it takes on flesh and blood, it becomes alive. It is always scenic, to use the expression that you are so fond of. The episodes that seem so trivial on paper stand out luminous, and project themselves forcibly across the footlights."

"That is true," he acknowledged, a little sadly, I thought. "Still there was no power in the story and not one really strong situation."

"On the other hand, Pinero very cunningly made up for those defects, if they really can be called defects. As soon as the curtain rose, the audience felt the atmosphere of the piece created by the queer old horse-hair furniture and the crinoline gowns of the period of 1860. When the piece was produced in London a year ago, some of the critics seemed to think that Pinero had made a blunder in choosing that period, because of its 'ugliness.' I don't believe that one person in the audience felt that ugliness. At any rate, it was the most charming ugliness in the world. Then, too, Pinero showed wonderful cleverness by making the piece a picture of theatrical life. The feeling of the average theatre-goer toward actors is like that of the inquisitive little boy toward his stuffed playthings."

My friend smiled; he has had his own troubles with actors. "He gave them dead away, didn't he?"

"Well, he had the advantage of an intimate acquaintance with them. He was an actor himself for nearly ten years, you know."

"And a very bad one, they say."

"If he had been a good one he might never have seen into the weaknesses of actors as he has done. He would have been himself a part of the picture. What could be cleverer than his exploitation of their conceits and vanities and jealousies and their grotesque demonstrations of affection? In the first act, I mean, where Rose is bidding them good-by just before going to visit the family of her fiancé."

"Yes, but it was so exaggerated that I don't see how you could like it."

He thought he had me there, and I could see he was trying hard not to smile. "But it's such frank exag-

geration," I said. "Pinero seems to be saying to the audience, 'Of course, this isn't the exact truth. But isn't it sport to chaff these wonderful geniuses?'"

"And then Rose's going to Lord Gower's house, on probation, to be inspected and tested by his family before her marriage. That, too, was absurd."

"It struck me so when I read the play. But when I saw the performance it seemed to me the most logical and natural thing in the world. And the visit of those actor-friends of Rose's, when the old folks had gone to bed, and their fight that roused the whole family, what more delicious comedy could you ask for than that?"

"Yes, I admit that it was amusing and at the same time dramatic. But you must acknowledge that after that act the piece went off. It was inevitable that, after disgracing herself in Cavendish Square, Rose should break with Lord Gower and return to the 'Wells' Theatre. But the visit of Gower's crusty old grandfather to her lodgings and his backing her adorer, Tom Wrench, in the production of his play, and the transformation of young Gower into an actor for the sake of winning Rose again, all that was preposterous."

"In the book, perhaps. On the stage, no. It wasn't, as I have said, realism. Toward the close the piece becomes—well, a fairy-story, touching life here and there. The rehearsal of Tom Wrench's piece in the last act, for example, was a capital bit of reality, invested with the atmosphere of romance. What could have been shrewder or more realistic than the characterization of that noisy, vulgar stage-manager, O'Dwyer?"

"But he was a new interest," my friend cried excitedly. "Fancy introducing a wholly new interest into a last act, clogging the story. Now, let me tell you one thing," he added, seeing that I did not feel a proper sympathy with his views, "after this production of 'Trelawny of the Wells' I think I can see Pinero's finish."

"I hope it's a long way off," I laughed.

"The Princess and the Buttery" made me suspect he had lost his grip. There he was incoherent and fantastic, and hundreds of people who went to see it thought he had played a trick on them. In 'Trelawny' he is more coherent, but just as fantastic. I should be willing to wager that the piece was suggested by Tom Robertson's 'Caste.' He had been reading or seeing 'Caste,' which, you remember, is largely about theatrical life, and it occurred to him that he'd like to write a play on the same lines. Then he thought he'd put Tom Robertson himself into it, the Robertson of the days when he was a poor despised actor with a trunkful of plays turning yellow with age. So there you have Tom Wrench. Pinero had a chance to do something strong with his material, but he wasn't interested enough to work out his theme. Instead of making young Gower an actor when Rose had returned to the 'Wells,' he might have made 'Rose' see that she didn't belong in Mayfair, but in Bohemia, and that poor Tom Wrench was worth forty Gowers. That would have given the piece the human interest that it lacks."

"It would have made it another kind of play," I said.

"It would have made it a drama instead of a 'comedieta'!" he exclaimed. "Pinero is losing his power to write a drama. He is in the forties now, and he has begun to look on the emotional side of life from the point of view of the cynic; he can't take love seriously. As soon as a dramatist does that his best work is over!"

"Oh, no. He is merely trying some pretty experiments, as Henry James has lately been doing in literature. In the meantime I am perfectly satisfied with such fooling as 'Trelawny.' I only wish we could have more of it."

He saw that I was hopeless; so he turned the talk to the performance. "Did it remind you of anything?"

"Yes, of Dickens. Edward Morgan's Tom Wrench looked exactly like a Cruikshank illustration, and Miss Mannering's Rose might sit for a portrait of Dora in 'David Copperfield.'"

"That's odd," he replied. "It reminded me of Thackeray. But I can see now there was a good deal that suggested both Dickens and Thackeray."

"All of the characters were perfectly made up, it seemed to me. I don't think I have ever seen a more charming figure on the stage than Miss Mannering in the second act in her pink-silk crinoline gown. And how perfectly she played the part."

"Yes, she never got out of it, as you say."

"Mrs. Walcott, too, as the *passée* tragedy queen, looked like an old print, and she gave the part exactly

the right significance. Morgan, too, showed more lightness than he has ever shown before."

"Yes, but a rather elephantine lightness. He must have gained his first experience in burglars' parts. He always looks and acts as if he were on the verge of doing some desperate deed."

"It's the first part he has ever played where he had to laugh, and it was touching, wasn't it, to see how he managed it? If he would lighten up more and walk straight—throw back his shoulders—he'd be a first-rate actor. And as for Courtleigh, as the old-fashioned mummer, or gypsy, as old Sir William Gower would have said, I've never seen him appear to such advantage. Miss Tyree, too, has made the success of her life as the soubrette. But it was rather hard on those actors to have to hold their own profession up to ridicule."

"They thought so. At rehearsal some of them declared it was an outrage. Do you suppose that Courtleigh enjoys taking a turkey-leg in his fist and chawing at it while he says, 'Why can't an actor, in private life, be simply a gentleman?'"

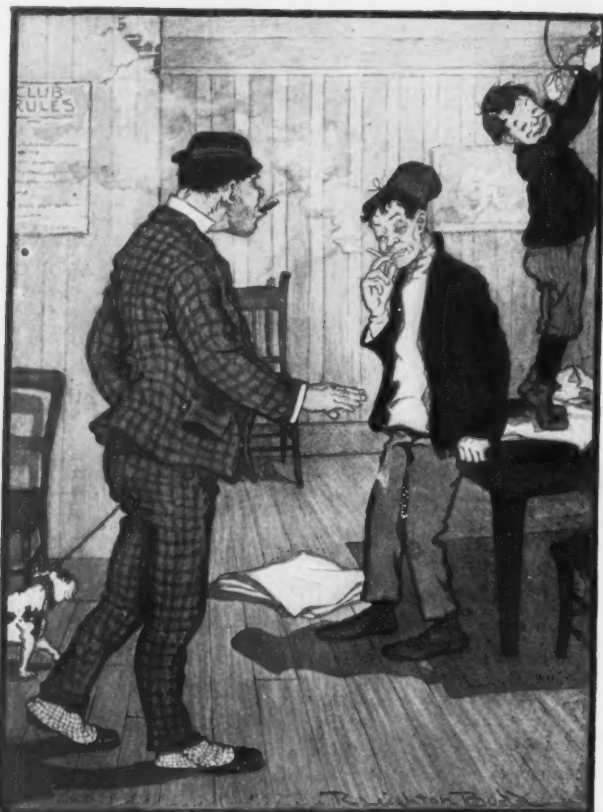
"But Pinero was clever enough to leave a loophole of escape for himself. Don't you remember the line in the last act where he explains that his actors belong to a school that is passing away?"

"Well, perhaps they are passing away," the dramatist remarked sententially. "But they haven't all passed."

At Wallack's Theatre Miss Julia Arthur has lately been seen as Parthenia in the once popular "Ingomar." It is curious that this sentimental drama should have almost wholly passed away from the German stage, for which it was written, and should retain a place on the English-speaking stage, for which it was adapted. While Miss Arthur was serving her arduous apprenticeship in cheap theatres—one of her friends told me the other day that she had played Juliet at seventeen—Mary Anderson was winning fame and fortune as Parthenia and as other heroines of the romantic and the Shakespearean drama. I should not be surprised if at this period Miss Arthur made up her mind that she, too, would play Parthenia. It is only upon some such supposition that I can explain her choice of the character. Well, she plays it uncommonly well. In the first place, she looks very beautiful in her Greek costumes. Then, too, she infuses a subtle and very charming humor into her acting. Furthermore, the lines give her a fine chance to display her lovely voice and her exquisitely distinct enunciation, and in strong situations she is able to show flashes of the old fire that, a few years ago, made play-goers prick up their ears and say, "Well, who is this girl?" The performance as a whole is not great, but it gives promises of something like greatness. The other night two actors did particularly good work, Mr. W. S. Hart as Ingomar, and Mr. Edwin Holt; whose reading of his lines in one of the secondary rôles was a delight to the ear. After Parthenia, Miss Arthur made her first appearance in New York as Rosalind. Here, too, she showed how thoroughly competent she has become; she gave an interesting, but by no means an inspiring, performance. Her greatest defect lay again in her lack of animation. "As You Like It" was prettily staged, but the company appeared to pitiful disadvantage.

The other night, when I saw Mr. William H. Crane in his new play at the Knickerbocker Theatre, "Worth a Million," I was in a very hopeful mood. The author, Mr. E. W. Presbrey, has for many years been one of the best stage-managers in the country, and he ought to know a good play when he sees it, if any one can. But that is very different from writing a good play, isn't it? Soon after the curtain rose, it was plain enough that "Worth a Million" had been written around Mr. Crane, who seems to enjoy appearing as a middle-aged widower, relentlessly pursued by a middle-aged, but still beautiful widow. This pursuit Mr. Presbrey managed cleverly enough, but he complicated his comedy by introducing a great deal of involved melodramatic stuff that had no interest whatever, and, in spite of its pretense of being truthful, gave no sense of reality. Moreover, his dialogue was to the last degree commonplace. I was sadly disappointed, particularly as Mr. Crane had given it a good production, and his company had helped him to give it an excellent interpretation. As Mr. Crane is going to put on another play pretty soon, it is safe to say that "Worth a Million" has proved to be a disappointment all around.

JOHN D. BARRY.



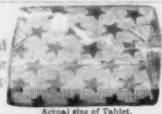
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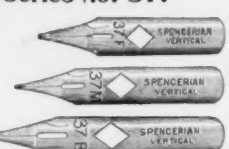


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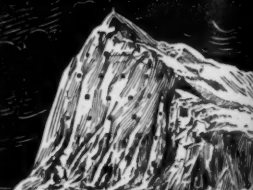
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